



SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General.

PATRICK BOYLE, who, as chairman of the Hibernian meeting on Saturday night, made remarks to the effect that he was one Irishman who was not wearing the shamrock "in honor of hirelings who were slitting the throats of honest farmers who were defending their independence and firesides," is a kindly old gentleman with a warm heart and a hand quick to grasp that of a friend. I do not like what he said, but I like "Paddy" Boyle all the same, whether he is responsible for his wild and bitter utterances or not. There is something inside a certain class of Irishmen which talks treason as naturally as a baby sucks milk. Unless these firebrands be let go off occasionally, life becomes a dull, monotonous affair, and our Irish neighbors who were built this way feel that unless they are raising an occasional row they are neither doing their duty nor having a good time. I never heard of "Paddy" Boyle ever doing anyone a bad turn or refusing to do a good one. I like to meet him on the street or in a car, for he is always cheerful, neighborly and sympathetic. The ready laugh and happy voice of the old man have made dull days brighten, and though no one suspects him of being rich, or even sure that want may not overtake him before his life may close, he seems content, and to have within him that something which is better than vaulting ambition or skill at gaining gold. It is only those who do not know him who begrudge him the moment of unspeakable joy which comes to him when he gathers the hair of the lion's tail around his Irish hand, winds up the slack, and then gives the old thing a twist which makes it creak to its very roots. The lion has never been known to indicate by growl or groan that "Paddy's" tail-twisting tricks have inflicted the slightest pain. But "Paddy" himself has had more fun out of this sort of thing than any boy ever had out of a tin gun or a red hand-sleigh. While the burning words are rolling out of "Paddy's" mouth or dripping like Saxon blood from his pen, the veteran stumper and irreconcilable editor feels that he is free from the tyrant yoke and the iron-shod foot of the Sassenach. He is happy. Compared with these moments, reeling with joy, I am afraid "Paddy" will find heaven a disappointment, and the harmony of eternity will pall upon him as cycle after cycle of ages rolls along and he never gets a crack at the imaginary enemies of the Emerald Isle.

True enough, it was ungracious of Mr. Boyle to disturb the harmony of the British Empire by speaking "them words," but Patrick's mind was busy with the past, and the armistice which had been declared for a day—some of us hoped it might be forever—was forgotten as memories of the other Patrick, the saint of the same name as himself, came rushing over him. He felt that a dirty trick was being played by the British on St. Patrick, in thus seizing and celebrating a holiday which they had not created, and with which it was evident they had no right to interfere, even by trying to add to its harmony and general splendor. Sure, thought he, is St. Patrick's day and the shamrock, the last remnants of our greatness, to be seized by these cruel invaders, these greedy usurpers, these employers of "throat-slitters"?

We need not follow the burning thoughts of the chairman as he tore himself loose from all but St. Patrick and the Emerald Isle. What he said was inspired by something we do not understand, and which we are all very certain we do not like. But it was only a very small fraction of "Paddy" Boyle that was talking, and it was by no means a large section of the Irishmen of this city that approved. Nowadays, we only see this fraction of "Paddy" Boyle once in a long while, and we can afford to ignore its existence, for there is enough of him left as a cheery old soul, a good neighbor, and a kind friend, to still make a better man than some of those who throw stones at him because it is popular.

THE reception of Hon. Edward Blake at the Irish banquet in Hotel Cecil, London, marks another step in the decadence of a singularly able man, who, though he was never thought to be much of a politician, was esteemed sincere and patriotic. When he rose to respond to the toast of "Ireland—a Nation," interruptions of an unseemly sort at once were made by those who believe that he is not a whole-souled Nationalist. This is the treatment we all expected that he would receive from the ultra and Fenian element of the Irish Home Rulers, even though he went so far as to support the Redmond resolutions, which astounded Canada by their disloyalty. I ventured to predict at the time that between the upper millstone of Mr. Blake's respectability and the remnants of his attachment to the Queen and Constitution, and the nether millstone of Fenianism, Mr. Blake would be ground out of all semblance of his former self, acceptable to no political party, while being suspected by all. Evidently the Irish Nationalists demand that those wearing the name shall abandon every other tie and abjure every other allegiance, but so far Mr. Blake has not seen fit to do this, though he has gone so far as to separate himself from all his old friends. Canada will watch with curiosity and some lingering pulsations of affection, as to whether her "wandering boy" has politically run away from home and on Imperial issues gone all to the bad.

THE death of Mr. George Hope Bertram, M.P. for Center Toronto, deprives Canada of one of its most representative business men, and inflicts upon Toronto the loss of a large-minded, energetic and successful manufacturer whose unquestioned integrity and goodness of life irresistibly forced him into many prominent positions. He was not tied down by rigorous orthodoxy, either in matters religious, political, or economic, but always identified himself with the cause which seemed to him right. Toronto has too few such men, and the death of one of them will be felt throughout the whole city as a personal bereavement. Mr. Bertram, who was a Scotchman by birth, was but fifty-three years of age, and leaves a widow, two sons and three daughters, together with a number of brothers, to lament his early taking away by that terrible disease, cancer, which seems to be growing every year more common.

THE Preparation of Ryerson Embury, by Albert R. Carman, has interested me more than any other Canadian story I have read for a long time. The fact that the tale is told by a Canadian about other Canadians does not necessarily interest anybody, for more than one poky writer has written about very poky people and expected the story to be received with acclamation simply because it was produce of our soil. Ryerson Embury is interesting because he is a typical Canadian youth, born of and reared by the straightest of his sect. Both as a lad and a young man he is self-conscious, somewhat crude, and more than slightly disturbed by yearnings which are partly selfish and partly the growing pains of his mind. He is not altogether beautiful, but he is honorable, interesting and natural, and in his hopes and strivings nearly every strong-minded Canadian youth who has had a fervid religious upbringing will recognize much of his own experience. The various characters in the book are sharply and faithfully drawn, but the pen of the artist has done its best work in depicting the different types of the genus preacher. The thirty young fel-

low who has just gone on circuit is a photograph, and his superficial piety and egotistical small talk would fit many scores of young pastors, as they have sickened thousands of onlookers. Rev. Arthur Drake Walters cheerfully tells how the young ladies "set their caps" for him, and how he flirts with them to teach them some sense, while even huggings and occasional kisses are hinted at as part of his pastoral work.

Young Embury had been brought up to believe that "the Bible is true," and that he who doubts a jot or tittle of it is an infidel. Yet his worry does not seem to be so much over the salvation of his soul as that he is not really worrying enough with regard to it. In his trouble he goes to Dr. Holden, who is another typical preacher of the venerable but easy-going sort, who practically tells him to sit out the parables and other uninspired material, and to ignore the cheap logic of the agnostic. Young Patterson, a divinity student of the higher criticism sort, is equally unsatisfactory to the young enquirer, because his views are too nebulous. Rev. "Tommy" Tracy is a lover of humanity, and is the ideal pastor who seems to have sacrificed everything "to follow Him." He is a gentle and lovable character, and it is the example of his self-sacrifice and piety which leads young Embury back to a belief in good things.

Throughout the book runs a very pretty love story. Grace is the charming little devotee, and Josie is the clever, dark and sensuous type of designing damsel who for a while makes things interesting, but all promises right in the end. One of the prettiest touches in the book is the result upon young Embury's father and mother of Dr. Holden's letter telling them that their son has become an infidel. At once the old people turn upon the officious preacher and dislike him. Without mentioning Dr. Holden's communication they write to their boy saying, "Your old room is waiting for you. Don't bother to bid all your old teachers, like Dr. Holden, good-bye." Embury does not discover Holden's letter until after his father's death, and then upon the back of it was written, in a shaky hand, "My lad was not an infidel when he left my care for that of Dr. Holden"—Dr. Holden, by the

than their private interests, before their eyes, it is to be feared that the public money will be spent rather than chances taken of a loss of position.

On Friday the managers of the Patriotic Fund asked for a donation of \$10,000, and though one of the Controllers pointed out that \$30,000 had already been spent upon relieving those dependent on the Volunteers to South Africa, the appeal was persisted in until a suggestion was made that the thirty thousand spent and the ten thousand asked, and still another ten thousand likely to be spent in the same way, should be grouped together and put in the form of debentures, and thus added to the city's debt, instead of to the year's current taxes. How this sort of financing grows into recklessness is easily seen, inasmuch as the ten thousand cash did not frighten the Controllers more than twenty thousand dollars when put in the form of a promise to pay. I am not arguing the question of whether we should or should not grant the ten thousand dollars; I am simply indicating the easy methods of financing adopted when tomorrow, instead of to-day, is made the moment of settlement. Neither is it my intention to belittle the great usefulness of the House of Providence, only to call attention to the fact that the managers desire their grant raised from \$3,000 per annum in the past to \$6,000 for this year, and presumably for the future. The House of Industry, too, asks that its annual grant shall be increased from twelve to fifteen thousand dollars. The East End Creche asks for its \$200 to be raised to \$250. The Ontario School of Art and Design insists that its grant of \$750 be made this year as usual. The Associated Charities will be content with \$250 this year, but the grant for the Working Boys' Home, it is urged, should be raised from \$400 to \$650. Four hundred and fifty dollars is asked for the Dominion Day Regatta. The Old Folks' Home wants a raise from \$150 to \$250. The Horse Show asks for \$500. One thousand dollars is asked for the Simcoe monument. The Horticultural Society wants \$100, and an indefinite amount is petitioned for, for proper treatment of school children's teeth.

This is only one day's batch of petitions, but it should be



A LENTEN PROVIDER.

way, being one of the professors of the college which Embury had attended. The book deserves success. It is interesting, instructive, and much of it is unusually entertaining. Its author, I believe, is a son of Rev. Dr. Carman, head of the Methodist Church in Canada, and its publishers in this country are the Publishers' Syndicate of this city.

THE outlook for the Toronto taxpayer is bad enough, but day by day it grows worse, for the Mayor, Board of Control and Council seem much more inclined to add to, than cut down, the controllable expenditures. A large majority of the citizens decided that the Mayor, Controllers and Aldermen should not be paid, and so expressed themselves at the polls. The officials referred to have decided that they shall be paid, and thus over \$12,000, which, according to the popular voice, should have been taken off, still remains. The expense of maintaining the City Hall itself is vastly beyond what was required to keep the machine running in the old building. The estimates for the various departments appear to be passing without any reduction, while it is announced that the school teachers are to have their pay increased, and the police force is to be materially enlarged. No effort seems to have been made to decrease expenses in any practicable way, the Mayor's attempt to reduce the salaries of Assessment Commissioner Fleming and Treasurer Coady appearing to even the anxious taxpayer as nothing more than a make-believe of economy on the part of the Mayor, which meant either nothing, or else a piece of paltry spite.

If things go on in this way, we may be sure of an assessment of over twenty mills on the dollar, or two per cent. of the entire assessable value of what the ratepayers possess—in the majority of cases he being assessed for all or more than he is worth. As four per cent. is nowadays esteemed a fairly good profit to be made out of money—the banks and insurance companies tell us that three or three and a half per cent. is all that can be expected for the next twenty-five years—half of the rentals and investments which are not more advantageously placed than to make four per cent. gross will go to the tax-gatherer. The belief that the assessment will be twenty mills on the dollar is not guess-work; those having to do with the estimates have openly expressed themselves as fearing that it will reach or exceed that figure. Such a burden will prove exceedingly oppressive—if not almost ruinous—to the people of Toronto, and in many instances will cause great hardship to those who are eking a small living out of their investments and are unable to supplement it by anything they can earn. To the prosperous even, the payment to the tax-gatherer of two per cent. or over means an exceedingly heavy drain.

In face of all these facts, the clamor for additional grants for educational, benevolent and other institutions and purposes was never greater, and as many of the societies asking for larger donations of public money are influential, and a denial of their petitions by the officials may mean loss of votes to those, if any, who keep the public business, rather

sufficient to warrant the citizens to ask themselves what is to be done to keep those who have to pay these taxes from having to go into one of the charitable institutions that they are supporting. In each instance a good case can doubtless be made out for the increase asked, and it is unlikely that any civic employee has requested a raise in salary which he could not clearly prove he has earned. But can the city go on taking such elaborate pains for everybody's good except that of the one who pays the taxes? Labor and material are both higher than they were a year ago, but in few instances are the products of labor and material sold at higher prices, except in those instances where a trust or combination of some kind has been formed wherein the large capitalists who are not taxed in Toronto make the profit, while those who are small manufacturers and retailers in the city have to compete with one another so bitterly that prices are kept down; therefore, let it be remembered that the men who pay the taxes are the ones who are getting the least benefit in the so-called improvement of prices.

Last week I called attention to the great difference in the cost of maintaining inmates per capita per diem in the various institutions. It seems to me that a good deal of the money that is being spent is not as frugally administered as it might be. If it were possible we would all be glad to see all the old, the infirm, the sick, the halt, the lame and the blind as well taken care of as the most prosperous people in the city, but there is a limit to expenditures, and in some instances surely that limit has been reached. Either we are getting a great many indigent outsiders for whose maintenance Toronto should not be responsible, or else the so-called good times are failing to benefit the families whose sick or infirm members are being cared for at public expense. Furthermore, we now discover that the money spent for trinkets and gifts to be given to the departing volunteers might much better have been saved for the maintenance of those who are left dependent upon the city. I was probably alone in my protest against the too reckless giving of presents to the outgoing volunteers, but it was useless at that moment of excitement to call attention to what has since happened and is still happening. What remains for us to do is to find some proper policy to control the expenditures which are still left open to reduction. Unless the newspapers and the large taxpayers take a little more interest in the matter it will soon be too late to put in a protest.

THE Public School Board seems to be afflicted by the same itching to spend more money than usual, in spite of the fact that the tax rate threatens to be so oppressive. In the Elizabeth street school a room which contains forty-eight children has been subdivided and an additional teacher employed, though last year the same room contained twenty-two more pupils than this year, and only one teacher was necessary. In spite of this, twelve trustees were in favor of the subdivision of the room, and only six opposed to it.

At the same meeting of the School Board another evidence

of how ready people are to fight for personal interests and to forget the general good, was found in the objection raised by a deputation of the Trades and Labor Council to the proposed manual training in the Public schools. These delegates pointed out that harm would be done to organized labor by the system of teaching children to be handy with tools and to have a smattering of a trade. It was urged that in times of labor difficulties, those who had thus partially mastered a trade would, at small pay, take the place of skilled workmen and thus displace them. This argument is purely selfish and wholly illogical. In the first place, a rural Canadian can make a living anywhere in America because he is more or less handy with tools, while immigrants from the old countries have great difficulty in building up homes for themselves in the bush or on the plains, because they do not understand the first elements of putting up a house, taking care of machinery, mending their harness, or repairing the articles used around a farm. Proper manual training in schools would no more than equip boys and girls for attempting the task of home-building on the plains, in the mountains or in the woods. It would be just as well to argue that parents should teach their children but one means of livelihood, and should never let them work at that until they have put in enough years to render them eligible as members of a union. For instance, if everybody knew something about printing, who would be worse off? Not the printers, for skilled labor always receives good wages. Not the children, because setting type is one of the best means in the world of learning spelling, punctuation, and exactness.

It would be just as logical for the bookkeepers and accountants of the city to protest against children being taught branches of semi-manual labor, lest skilled persons should be thrown out of work. Nearly all school children learn something about making figures, yet professional accountants make no complaint, and skilled men receive larger pay than they did when that sort of knowledge was less generally diffused. And why should a boy not learn to mend his own shoes, or make his own clothes, or to lay bricks and mortar, use a saw and a hammer, or to mend harness or tinware, or to make and repair machinery, or to do anything of a manual sort that can be taught in a public school? Are we to have schools which do not teach what is necessary to make the boy handy and develop his faculty of expressing himself with his hands, as it were, no matter where his lot is cast, just because organized workmen fear that their craft will be in danger? Surely a wider view has to be taken, or city schools will turn out nothing but clerks, typewriters, school teachers, and professional people, while the world is full of that class struggling with desperation for a living. Indeed, why should not the classes named protest against teaching arithmetic, reading, writing, and those branches which lead city youths to swarm into vocations which are already many times too full? One of the ideas which suggested manual training in Public schools was to prepare city people to go out into the country, take up land, and take care of themselves and become independent of capital, trusts, guilds and unions of all sorts. This objection raised to manual labor in the Public schools is a preposterous one, and should not influence the trustees, if the prospects in life of the youngsters who are being taught can be improved by something which can be imparted at a reasonable expense.

By the way, I have just read an able but practically unapplied article by William I. Crane in that socialistic magazine calling itself "The Philistine." It is entitled, "A Plea for the Education of the Hand." He divides education into two parts, Impression and Expression, pointing out the almost worthless nature of an impression if no expression can be found for it. For instance: What good would it do us to know dozens of things if we had no means of expressing them? Our knowledge would be valueless to others, and consequently worthless to ourselves, for no one would give us a livelihood for something we could not impart nor use. Mr. Crane points out that there are six methods of expressing what we feel, know, think, etc.:

(1) By mechanical arts. (2) Sculpture. (3) Painting. (4) Architecture. (5) Music. (6) Language. "In these different forms of expression," says he, "the blacksmith expresses himself with his hammer and anvil; the carpenter with his saw and other tools; the sculptor with his mallet and chisel; the painter with his brush and paints; the architect, with his draughting tools; the musician, with voice or instrument; and the speaker, writer or singer with voice or pen. Now it will be noticed that, of the six forms of expression mentioned, only the fifth and sixth—music and language—can be by the tongue, while all the others, and these two also in part, can be expressed by the hand; so that it seems manual training, or the training of expression by the hand, is of vastly more importance than that of the tongue."

He instances a deaf and dumb person as being able to express everything by the hand, and I might add to his argument the fact that having had so much manual training the deaf and dumb quickly make marvellously skilful artisans in the finest lines of handiwork. The writer also points out that the man who is almost always out of a job, though willing to work, is not the man who wants something to do, but the one who is willing to take anything to do; he cannot express himself except with his mouth, and consequently no one wants him—indeed, he is only fit for an agitator.

Mr. Crane believes in the kindergarten, in which children take so much interest and consequently learn so easily and with such delight, and he urges that all through school days the training of hand and eye should go on, that youth may be able to express what it feels and is. What is the fact, however? Good writing, that absolutely necessary training of the hand, is one of the most neglected studies in the Public schools. Everything is done to wad the youngster full of undigested and indigestible material, while all avenues of expression, either by voice or hand, are neglected, leaving us bad writers and crude, stumbling or slangy speakers. I cannot do better than quote Mr. Crane's conclusion: "We know that all great men, as Homer, Milton, Napoleon, Angelo, Christopher Wren, Edison and others, have been great men, not simply because they could think great thoughts, but because they could think and also express great thoughts. Every man's value to society is exactly proportioned, not to his thinking power, but to his expressional power. Lingual and manual training of the kind I have described will bring every child to his highest power of expression, and thus to the true value of himself and to society. And then we shall have efficient culture."

I respectfully refer the above quotation to the delegation of the Trades and Labor Council opposed to manual training. I do not know that just yet we can afford to undertake the entire remodelling of our schools on the proposed basis, but certainly we cannot afford to belittle or bedevil with one-eyed arguments the idea of training the hands as well as the minds of our children.

THE world over Rev. Charles M. Sheldon's experiment of running a really and truly Christian newspaper every lawful morning is being watched with interest. Rev. Mr. Sheldon, as probably everybody knows, is the author of "In His Steps," a book which had an enormous sale and has made a marvellous lot of money as being a description of how the Saviour of mankind would do His work if He were on earth and residing and doing business in the western part of the United States. The theme seems sacrilegious to some, but nothing which brings the Saviour and His love within the reach of our finite eyes and into the comprehension of

our misty minds can do anything but good if handled in a reverent spirit. Doubtless the book brought home many truths to the ordinary reader; certainly it and the volumes issued by Mr. Sheldon since his first success have been marvelously successful from a financial point of view, which may be used as an argument that the doing or attempting of good things is apt to be profitable. However much good the books may have done, I am doubtful if the newspaper scheme will prove anything but a money-maker for its promoters and a disappointment to the readers. In the first place, it is doubtful, if Christ were on earth, if He would run a newspaper or anything which might be called a newspaper. Certainly the art preservative might be used to disseminate Christian literature and to reach the understandings of the people, but the idea of Him purveying anything of any sort not actually and directly connected with the salvation of the soul and the conversion of mankind is repellent to those who have a high ideal of Christ and His mission. Of what importance is news of any sort except that news which is the "glad tidings of great joy?"

It is true people do not view it in this way. The human mind is busy about many things; curiosity, love of bargains and money-making generally compel people to look for the latest reports from all over the world. These things must be eradicated before the Christian newspaper of the Sheldon type will be popular. As an experiment the paper has reached a circulation of between three and four hundred thousand, but if, as it was once suggested, the same sort of a paper is to be issued every day hereafter, at the end of a year it probably won't have over three or four thousand subscribers, and three-quarters of them won't read it. Already it has been stated that the old subscribers are dissatisfied with the present style of material, and are buying other journals to keep up with the news. And why shouldn't they? Who wants to be reading a perpetual address from Y. M. C. Associations, temperance leagues, social reform committees, and all that sort of thing? Doubtless I am writing myself down as one of the unregenerate, but if I could not get anything to read but Mr. Sheldon's paper I think I would forget how to read altogether.

There is no hope of separating the human family from the peculiarities which were born in men and women. It would be quite as easy to teach a horse to fly, or a cow to play the piano, as to try to induce women to forget the pleasures of self-adornment, gossip, and the love of fine houses, fine furniture and showy equipages. Men will read the news, enjoy their pleasures, and try to make money, as long as mankind exists. It may be possible to temper and restrain these impulses by the desire to live good, cleanly, kindly lives, but we may as well give up the notion that the human family can be radically reconstructed on Mr. Sheldon's plan or any other. As a matter of fact, it is a good deal of an impertinence for any clergyman to attempt to show the thousands of editors the world over, who doubtless are struggling as hard as any other class of citizen to do right and to teach right things, just how they should go at their tasks. Probably any editor of any note in the United States or Canada could give Mr. Sheldon some interesting and profitable pointers as to how a church should be run so as to be more in conformity with the teaching of the Gospel, but that is not necessary. Leaders of religious denominations and those who follow them have all been provided for centuries with an example of how the early believers were taught, and how the Church founded by Christ was conducted. This example has been of but little use to the self-elected religious teachers. We have almost innumerable religious denominations, no two quite agreeing in doctrine, and certainly no two subdivisions even of any one grand body agreeing in practice. Seeing the marvellous difference between modern churches themselves, and the gulf between them all and the early church as described by the New Testament, the editorial profession cannot look with great equanimity upon those who would try to teach us our little business before they have brought their own work into something like recognizable conformity with the Divine pattern set them. It was not newspapers which led the people astray and beguiled them into tempting and crooked paths, for all these wanderings away from grace were started before the newspaper was invented. Bad as the newspapers are, the world is probably better because of their existence, though it may seem worse, because they tell so much about the evil which is going on all about us. When the evil is pointed out by the newspapers the church does not go out and correct it, but Rev. Mr. Sheldon's method is to prevent the newspapers from saying anything about naughty things, which would let the parsons sleep still more peacefully. Possibly if all the newspapers united on such a policy as this the world would look better, because crime and vice would not be so exposed. But would it be better? Lacking the fear of exposure, would not vicious and criminal persons be emboldened, and would not the second condition be worse than the first?

One little trick permitted by the publishers of Mr. Sheldon's paper is enough to indicate the undue desire for gain which has become a feature of this sensational proposition. The price of the *Topika "Capital,"* which is the paper experimented on, is five cents in the city of publication, and it is stated that the price is printed on the sheets which are issued for local sale. On those sent to Chicago, however, and other distant points, the price is left off, so that newsboys can charge what they like, ten cents to a quarter of a dollar being the swing of the prevalent quotations. This is not fair to the buyer of the paper, and is, in fact, nothing better than a trick to make the newsboys push the sale by offering them the chance of making large and illegitimate profits.

If some well-behaved editor were to be given the charge of a city church for half a dozen issues, so to speak, I do not believe he would play a trick of that sort on the collection box or the pew-holders, or any of the auxiliary societies. Probably his sermons might not be as good as the congregation was used to, but he would have all the people in the church that it could hold, and I doubt not that those from the byways, and the highways and the hedges would be brought in, and that much quiet, sensible counsel and comfort would be given them, together with considerably more to eat than is now dispensed to church-goers who have not a coin for a ticket to the Dorcas tea, or other festivities which are run in connection with churches. Taken altogether, I imagine that Mr. Sheldon's experiment will prove nothing except the impossibility of running a newspaper on the lines which he has laid down. It may induce a few publishers to purge their papers of vile or even objectionable advertisements, but in the concrete the discouragement of the failure will do more harm than the example will do good.

Social and Personal.

THE engagement of Mr. Alan Sullivan, of Rat Portage, son of the late Bishop of Algoma, and Miss Bessie Hees, daughter of Mr. George Hees, of 174 St. George street, is announced, and congratulations are being heartily tendered on all hands to these two happy young people.

The marriage of Mr. Herbert Mowat and Miss Skeaff will take place in St. Andrew's church on April 18, with a reception afterwards at Westholm.

Mrs. Jarvis (nee Montgomery), of St. Louis, arrived in town on Wednesday, and is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery, of 200 Huron street. Mrs. Jarvis' friends will be glad to know that her visit may be one of several weeks, and that she will receive with her mother on Tuesday.

On St. Patrick's day several teas were quietly convened, the most delightful of all, perhaps, being one informally gotten up by telephone, and to which Miss Burton, of Oak Lodge, invited a small party of friends. Just a cosy little

"The Truth About The Transvaal," by William Robins, sold for the benefit of "Hands Across the Sea Fund" for the Soldiers of the Queen. The best compilation of facts and work of reference yet published. Price, in paper cover, 25c.; in cloth, 30c.; at Wm. Tyrrell's Book Store, Toronto, or from Secretary of the Fund, Walkerville, Ont.

tea-table, bright with spring flowers and silver, and daintily set with ices and light refreshments, and a congenial little party of friends, including Mrs. and Miss Spragge, Mrs. and Miss Evelyn Cameron, the Misses Boulton, Mrs. MacMahon, Mrs. Totten, Miss Marion Strange, Mrs. Bruce Harman, Mrs. and Miss Harrison, Mrs. Moss, Mrs. Stanger, Miss Clark, Miss Ball. Mrs. Hart, a sister of Lady Burton, who is stopping at Oak Lodge for some time, was welcomed by old and new friends, and Lady Burton herself, gentle and cordial as ever, held her own little levee with friends by the cosy grate fire.

The "Oliver" equipment, which has been so much in use for the Canadian troops and the new Halifax garrison, is patented by the inventor, a Halifax officer, and a son-in-law of Sir Thomas Galt.

Mrs. MacMahon's charming home was the rendezvous of a cosy little party of ladies on Sunday afternoon, when half a dozen friends came in to say good-bye to Mrs. Sutton, and take a cup of tea. Mrs. MacMahon's cold is happily much better.

Miss Brignall has gone to Stratford. Mr. Bert Winans is down from Montreal on a visit to his mother in Huron street. Mr. Frank Winans has quite recovered from his late illness.

Mr. W. C. Muir, who has been for some years on the staff of the Ontario Bank here, resigned his position last week, and is now at his home in Port Dalhousie. Previous to his departure on Saturday, his confreres presented him with a very handsome silver-mounted umbrella, and accompanied the gift with many expressions of friendship and good-will, which are echoed by his large circle of friends in Toronto.

In about a month the great spring society event, the Horse Show, will be the interest paramount in smart circles. Already I see Horse Show gowns are in process of construction. The wise woman gets her designs and materials betimes, or runs the risk of being in the case of a distracted dame who had a prominent box, and a swagger gown, only the latter didn't come home in time.

Mrs. J. Forbes Michie came home this week from Gravenhurst. Mrs. Sanford Evans receives on the first and second Mondays at her home, 12 Pine Hill Road. Mrs. Suydam is at the Welland, St. Catharines, taking the baths. Mrs. Stewart Tupper, of Winnipeg, is visiting Lady Galt.

Miss Hill and her party got safely started on their Continental tour, sailing on the *Werra* for Italy. The party includes Miss Jaffray, of Surrey Lodge, Miss Daisy Wright, of Port Huron, sister of Mrs. George Carruthers, the Misses Carey, of Hamilton, and Mr. Jaffray, who merely sails to Italy with the ladies. Mrs. Jaffray and Mrs. Irving Walker went down to New York to see them off last week.

Mrs. Irving Walker is visiting Mrs. Jaffray at Surrey Lodge, and will receive with her hostess on Tuesday.

Mrs. Septimus Denison, came down to Rusholm on a visit last week. The appointment of Major Denison on Lord Roberts' staff was an occasion of much congratulation to his wife and family. One of the enlisted men for the Halifax garrison was Mr. Frank Denison, son of Mr. R. L. Denison, formerly of Dovercourt, and now residing in Grimsby.

Mr. Phil Wales, the clever young artist whose work is so much thought of down east, and whom a leading Toronto artist calls "wonderfully clever," while women pronounce him "great fun," spent a day in town this week. Mrs. Lawrence Vankoughnet, who was Mr. Wales' kind hostess on a former visit, has been seriously ill of appendicitis, but is now getting better, I hear.

Miss Phemie Smith had a few ladies in for five o'clock tea on St. Patrick's eve. The Misses Russel, of Beverley street, gave a bright progressive on Saturday evening.

Miss Emily Moss will return to Toronto next month. Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Carter are in Washington. Miss Ellie Phillips was the hostess of the Euchre Club this week, and a very pleasant meeting took place at her home on Wednesday evening.

A delightful "melange" is on at Shea's this week. The clever crotchets and Mam'selle are wonders, and the naughty goings-on of "Auguste" are most ludicrous. The little Frenchwoman has certainly achieved wonders with her birds, and beside her part of the evening's performance are half a score of other clever turns, a very nice and enjoyable programme. Several box-parties have seen it this week, and very good audiences each night. In fact, one sees so many of the regular theater-goers at Shea's, that it looks as if good, clean vaudeville and clever people were really filling a long-felt want.

Sorrowful sympathy flows from all quarters to the mourning family of our late M.P., Mr. George Bertram, whose death has followed a painful illness, borne with the strong patience of a finely-poised character. Broad-minded, liberal, of splendid ability, and true to his ideals, Mr. Bertram was the sort of man this city can ill afford to lose.

Mr. John Kay's serious illness is causing much anxiety.

Little Miss Capreol received her baptismal names on Sunday in St. John's church, and Mr. Bernard Jennings stood godfather to the little maiden. At a small family gathering afterwards, baby's health was proposed by Mr. Winstanley, and some very amusing and happy speeches made.

Mr. Alec Creelman was in town last Sunday, sporting a splendid set of Persian lamb furs, the gift of the Ontario Hockey Association, in recognition of Mr. Creelman's impartial and satisfactory discharge of the trying duties of referee during the season.

A cablegram brought the sad news of the death of Miss Margaret Blair Langmuir, sister of Mr. J. W. Langmuir, which took place in Florence, Italy. Miss Langmuir had been an invalid for about twelve years. The interment will take place at Florence, where Miss Langmuir has lived for nearly a quarter of a century.

On Wednesday evening, Mr. Springer gave a delightful theater party to a party of friends, with supper after at the Temple Cafe, where a delicious little repast was served in the artistic Blue Room. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. Fred Jarvis, Miss Hope Drake, Miss Springer, Miss Gamon and others.

On Tuesday evening a birthday dinner and theater party celebrated the anniversary of Mr. Ed. Monck. The dinner was beautifully served in the Blue Room of the Temple Cafe, and covers were laid for ten. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. George Carruthers, Miss Mary Miles, Miss Essie Case, Miss Archie Towner, Mr. Ed. Schuch, Mr. W. Barker, and Mr. Allan Taylor. The party occupied three boxes at Shea's afterwards, where were also to be seen, enjoying the vaudeville, Mrs. Gooderham, of Waveney, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. Auguste Bolte, Mr. and Mrs. Claude Fox, Mr. and Miss Evelyn Cox, Captain Wyatt, Mr. Rein Wadsworth, Mr. and Mrs. Bryson, and many other well-known persons.

Mr. Thos. S. Merritt and Miss Merritt, of St. Catharines, have gone to Bermuda and the West Indies. Mrs. Stewart Houston is visiting Mrs. Isadore Hellmuth in London. She is to sing at several Biograph patriotic concerts in the North-

West shortly. Mr. A. Gordon McWhinney, of London, was in town on Wednesday. Mrs. Fenwick, of Kingston, the guest of Mrs. Brown, St. Patrick street, has returned home.

The Rosedale Golf Club held their annual meeting for the election of officers last evening, at the Rosedale Club House, and this evening the High Park Golf Club have their annual meeting for a like purpose. The result of the elections will be announced next week.

Mrs. E. H. Duggan gave an afternoon progressive on Thursday at her home in Admiral Road. Mrs. Moncrieff (nee Larkin) gave an afternoon tea on Wednesday at her residence in Bernard avenue.

This afternoon a Beethoven recital takes place in the Conservatory Music Hall, the third by Dr. Fisher's pupils.

Colonel and Mrs. Sweny entertained at dinner at Rothallion on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. George B. Webster, of Buffalo, is the guest of Mrs. Adam Nelson, at the Rossin. Mrs. Nelson yesterday gave an informal tea in her honor.

Sir Richard Cartwright was in town for Mr. Bertram's funeral on Thursday.

The illness of Mr. Arthur Sweatman in Mexico has been a cause of grave anxiety to his friends this week. I hear he has typhoid fever.

The case upon which Mr. Riddell and Mr. Aylesworth were opposing counsel having been adjourned, their ladies laid did not go down to Ottawa to join them, as intended.

Miss Katherine Birnie's piano recital takes place at Nordheimer's on Saturday, 31st, at three-thirty p.m. Mrs. Le Grand Reed is to sing, and Miss Archer and Mr. Paul Hahn are to play. Mrs. Blight accompanies.

Mrs. William Britton, Mrs. Douglas McArthur, and Mrs. Joseph Irving, are at The Welland, St. Catharines. Miss Hood, of Woodstock, returned home last week.

The meetings of the Soldiers' Wives' League, which Mrs. Hutton's bright organizing charm set so pleasantly afloat, have continued with ever increasing success, and on Wednesday a large and representative party listened to Surgeon-Major Nattress' interesting and instructive lecture on ambulance and hospital care of the wounded. This was especially touching to the hearts of the listeners, most of whom have relatives now at the front, and some of whose dear ones have already had need of just such care as Dr. Nattress depicted and explained. Mrs. Otter fully voiced the sentiments of all present in proposing a vote of thanks to the lecturer. Mrs. Cameron and Mrs. Armour sang some pretty songs. Mr. Du Domaine, accompanied by that accomplished musician, Mrs. Irving Cameron, played several times, after which tea was served, and after singing *God Save the Queen* the loyal-hearted women of this interesting league bid adieu till next meeting.

Have you seen the Doll's House, now on exhibition at Trinity School House, Trinity square? It costs you five cents contribution to the school fund, and is a marvel of cuteness and completeness. Take the children—it is the popular excuse for inquisitive grown-ups who are as young as the youngest. The Doll's House will be on exhibition all next week.

Mr. George Bruenech has been holding an exhibition of water colors in Christiania, Norway, which closed last week. Among the pictures were several beautiful Canadian scenes, which were greatly admired.

On St. Patrick's eve, the Toronto Canoe Club gave one of their members' dances, which was remarkably jolly, and foreshadowed, in a way to warm an Irish heart, the coming festival. Green were the draperies, and shamrocks sprung with astounding fertility in most unlikely places. Every guest was given a bunch of shamrock, and the fiddles and flutes could play nothing but Irish music. By the way, a curious coincidence marked the last reunion of the Canoe Club, which took place on the day of the relief of Ladysmith. The committee at the outset of the season had arranged that evening for a "patriotic" celebration, and the glorious news fitted in to a nicety, and gave a great fillip to the eclat of the occasion.

Miss Edith Smith, of Huron street, entertained the West End Euchre Club on St. Patrick's eve. Mrs. John Heward and Miss Heward are home from Montreal. Mrs. Ross Gooderham is recovering from a severe illness of some duration.

Mr. Ford Robertson will go down in May to join his brother in Mexico. Mrs. and Miss Robertson have no intention of accompanying him, though they may go south in the fall.

Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland Macklem are to spend Easter in England with their boys, before settling down in their new home in Rosedale. Miss Eva Delamere, daughter of Col. Delamere, and Miss Maude Denison, daughter of Major Septimus Denison, of Lord Roberts' staff, are going to England on a visit very shortly. I hear they are to sail next week.

Mrs. Hamilton, of Winnipeg, is down on a visit to Mrs. Sullivan, of St. Vincent street, and will be in town for a short time. Mr. Alan Sullivan leaves for Rat Portage on Monday.

Mrs. John L. Gibb went last week to London to visit the Dean of Huron and Mrs. Innes. Prof. Goldwin Smith is expected home next month. Mrs. Smith, Miss Crooks and Miss Dawson will return in May. Mr. and Mrs. W. Nicholas Miller have returned from a six months' trip to England.

The Hunt Club's dinner for the farmers over whose land the Club hunts was a grand success, the immense dining-room of the Albion Hotel being the scene of the dinner, and a great number of huntsmen in pink being on hand to dine with their farmer friends. The farmers made a great night of it, and "only one load of hay in the market!" remarked an observant man on the following day.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Graecen have returned from their wedding trip, and are now settled at 187 Beverley street, where Mrs. Graecen will receive on Fridays.

Mrs. Stratton, wife of Hon. James R. Stratton, Provincial Secretary, will receive at the Queen's Hotel on Thursday afternoon, the 29th inst., from three to six.

Absent-Minded Sinners.

When the giddy whirl is over, with its dances, teas and balls.

When your time and your cash are all hard spent, When you've finished all your round-up of visits and of calls,

Go to church and say your prayers, for now 'tis Lent. "We've been absent-minded sinners," quoth both worldly beau and belle.

As they pondered on their individual sinnings,

How their feet had idly wandered to the vestibule of—well!

'Tis high time the priest and pulpit had an innings. Prayer-book, hymn-book, take, and with head low bent, Go and kneel in church until next Easter day;

To make sure of Paradise you must just be penitent, Sanctimonious, lowly, meek, so Pray, Pray, Pray.

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Social and Personal.

THE annual At Home of the Presbyterian Ladies' College took place on Friday evening, March 16, and was unusually bright and pleasant. There is a very large attendance at the college this year, and the young ladies are apparently much more full of health and spirits than even the college girl ordinarily is. On this one evening of the year, the restraints and discipline of school life are cast aside, and a royal good time is had, the leader in bright and buoyant merriment being the President, Mrs. McIntyre, who is in sympathy with even the youngest of her charges, and enjoys it all with them in a most hearty manner. Mrs. McIntyre received in a rich gown of grenadine over silk, with guimpe of transparent sequined lace richly embroidered, and sleeves to match. Her bright welcome and subsequent tactful attention to the guests helped largely to everyone's happiness. Rev. Mr. Macdonald, the Principal of the College, and the staff assisted Mrs. McIntyre. Among the guests were representatives from the city colleges, and some devoted New Yorkers came all the way from Gotham to meet and greet fair girl friends who are being educated in Canada. An orchestra played a capital promenade programme, and supper was served by Webb in the basement refectory. Before the promenade a short concert was admirably rendered in the fine drawing-rooms by the young lady students, Miss Mabel V. Thompson, Miss Carrie Davidson and Miss Lizzie Morin being particularly popular. When the promenade was fairly in train, one might observe students from St. Andrew's, "Varsity," and Upper Canada, parsons, political celebrities, men of affairs, and young financial fledglings, each doing his best to impress the "girl graduate," and all enjoying themselves greatly. Owing to the very great number present, space would not permit of a list of names.

Mrs. Sutton, whose departure is so much regretted, left on Monday evening for Quebec, after a visit of a few days with Judge and Mrs. MacMahon, and will remain with her parents during Mr. Sutton's absence in South Africa. "Rags" and "Tatters" went with their little mistress, two very disgusted canines when left in the baggage car for the night.

Many cheerful letters from the Continent this week, and perfectly appalling tales of lack of wearing apparel. The ladies have sent great bales away to them.

Miss Ottilie Snyder, of Berlin, is a guest of Mrs. Walter Powell, Toronto Junction.

On St. Patrick's day, Mrs. Macdonald, of Cona Lodge, and her daughter, Miss Helen, received a number of young ladies for afternoon tea. Miss Helen Snider, of Hamilton, Miss Culbertson, and Miss Charlotte Jarvis, of Buffalo, were visitors in town who added much to the brightness of this reunion, which, like all presided over by Miss Macdonald, was particularly marked by cheery comeliness rather than hurry and crowding, as is too often the case at afternoon teas.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Archibald, of Halifax, have been in the city for a week, guests at the Arlington Hotel. Mrs. Archibald is a prominent worker in many good organizations and societies for the betterment of humanity, and is vice-president of the Dominion W.C.T.U., who gave her a reception after the prayer-meeting at their Hall on Tuesday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Archibald have two sons in Toronto, the elder a house surgeon at the Sick Children's Hospital, and the younger a student at Upper Canada. Mrs. Archibald's visit to Toronto reminds me how many of her old college mates are now settled here, most of whom will hear with interest of her visit. Mrs. C. C. Dalton, Mrs. V. B. Wadsworth, Mrs. W. S. Jackson, of U.C.C., Miss Covernton, Mrs. Allen, wife of the pastor of Sherbourne street Methodist church, Mrs. Alfred Plummer, Mrs. Salter Jarvis, were all collegians in the same year as Mrs. Archibald, who has changed very little from the clever girl whose humorous and original sallies used to amuse her classmates.

Mrs. Robert Dunbar, who has been for a fortnight or more a precious inmate of Grace Hospital, returns to her home in Wilcox street to-day, accompanied by a fine young son, who arrived, I am told, on the eleventh day of March. His nurse promptly named him Lord Bobs, and be sure the name will stick! Mr. Dunbar, who is one of the most popular men in the reporters' gallery in Ottawa, and his charming and clever wife (formerly Miss Mary Mathews, A.T.C.M.), are receiving shoals of congratulations on Lord Bobs' arrival.

Mr. Harry Hay has been greeted with pleasure by his friends, who are glad to note the benefit he has received from his sojourn at Gravenhurst, and to congratulate him on the advent of a son and heir. Mr. Hay has been appointed accountant of the Molsons Bank at Woodstock, his boyhood's home, and will take up house there as soon as possible. Things are looking very bright for this popular young man just now.

Mrs. Mathews, and Miss Minnie McKinnon, of Guelph, are visiting Mrs. Robert Dunbar in Wilcox street.

Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn has been

laid up with a cold, which confined her to her room this week.

A merry little theater party occupied two of the lower north boxes at Shea's on Tuesday afternoon, March 13. The hostess, Mrs. Geo. A. Weese, 95 Gloucester street, took this manner of entertaining several of her young friends, in celebration of the anniversary of her birth. The party was composed of Mrs. G. A. Weese, Miss M. Grover, Miss T. Henderson, Miss L. Might, Miss M. Might, Miss V. Stuart, Miss M. Stuart, Mrs. G. Wallace Weese. After the performance, dinner was served at the pretty home in Gloucester street. An evening at euche and a round of good wishes completed a most enjoyable and timely event.

Mr. Wm. McBrady, of Port Arthur, is at the Rossin for the session, attending to the legislative interests of the Jennison Syndicate, an immense electric power enterprise, with the beautiful Kakebeckha falls as the source, that will be to the twin towns of Port Arthur and Port William what the Clergue concern is to the Canadian Soo.

Mr. J. H. Chewett has returned from several months' stay in Mexico.

Mr. J. Alex. Culverwell, of Toronto, has been appointed managing director of the Central Ontario Power Company (proprietors of the Burleigh Falls water power), of which Hon. R. Harcourt and Senator Peter McLaren are the chief directors. Mr. Culverwell removed to the company's head offices at Peterboro' last week. He is to be congratulated on his successful promotion of this large electric transmission power enterprise.

Undoubtedly one of the most successful dinners held this season took place on Friday, the 23rd inst., when the Dufferin School Old Boys' Association, numbering some three hundred members, held their first annual reunion at the Temple Cafe. A first-class orchestra headed the programme, together with other good talent, and the dinner was a huge success in every way.

Mrs. Spencer, of Jarvis street, gave a soiree dansante last Thursday evening in honor of the members of the Delta U fraternity, whose friends much enjoyed her kind hospitality.

Miss Rose Patteson, of Dowling avenue, was a guest at Lady Minto's skating party on St. Patrick's day, and is enjoying very much her visit to Ottawa.

Mrs. Beddoe, of North street, gave her home up on St. Patrick's day to her young daughter, Marjorie, and five girl friends, who held a sale for the benefit of the Patriotic Fund, and were so well patronized by their admiring friends that they cleared nearly thirty dollars. The other young ladies who worked for success were Misses Cherry Howard, Marjory Counsell, Violet Garthshore, Jean McTavish and Minnie McKeown.

The engagement is announced of Miss Christina Hendrie, daughter of Mr. William Hendrie, of the Homestead, Hamilton, and Mr. A. Herbert Eckford, High River, Alberta. Mr. Eckford is a nephew of Lady Somerset.

Isabella street is brightened by the presence of several charming visitors this month. Miss Helen Snider, of Hamilton, is with the Misses Dalton, and was the guest of honor at a very smart little euche on Friday, March 16th. Miss Playfair, with her guests from "over the way," were also of this party.

Mr. Buchan, of the Bank of Montreal, is away on sick leave.

Mrs. Macdougall, of Carlton Lodge, has been an invalid lately, but is now much better. No sooner had the young son of the house recovered from the fashionable measles, than the young daughter, Miss Joyce, was taken down with the same complaint; so, much experience in sickness has been the lot of this family lately.

Mrs. E. J. Wood, of Rosedale, wife of Rev. E. J. Wood, of St. Simon's, has returned from a lengthy visit with her brother in Newark, N.J. Another brother is numbered among the Strathconas, who will so ably represent Canada and the munificence of one of Canada's sons, in South Africa. Mrs. Wood's health is better, her friends will be glad to hear.

Mr. Campbell, of the Bank of Montreal, who has been accountant in the Toronto office for so many years, is leaving the institution shortly and anticipates a trip to England, I hear.

That Prof. Clark has decided not to leave Toronto will be a welcome word to a large circle of friends.

Miss Thom, of Rosedale, returned last week from a visit with her relatives, Dr. and Mrs. McLaughlin, of Bowmanville.

Mr. Ardagh, of the Bank of Montreal, son of Judge Ardagh, of Barrie, was hurriedly bidding good-bye to friends in town last week. He went with the supplementary contingent and had not even time to see his people in Barrie before leaving.

Prof. and Mrs. Clark gave a small informal dinner on Tuesday week

to a number of young men, mostly bank clerks. Mr. Muir, of the Ontario Bank, was a farewell guest, as he was leaving town a few days after.

McKendry's millinery opening has been of great interest to fashionable ladies this month, and some very elegant and smart hats are shown. All the newest shades, shapes and trimmings, at most reasonable prices, and very artistically built into hats of great fashion, are to be seen in the show-rooms. A very dainty one of hand-painted mousseline in pale pink, another of the same material (as trimming) in lavender shades, a handsome khaki straw, very like one which is the choice of the prettiest young matron in the West End, a huge roll, "a la turque," of white over black tulle, giving a very soft grayish effect; a bright pink, the under brim hung with thickly-set pendant black sequins, a delicate open-work lattice of narrow mauve plaits over white tulle, a hat all braided, the pastel green tulle forming the hat plaited like straw, the velvet trimming also plaited in braids, forming a bow, are some of McKendry's hats. Their millinery is unusually good this year.

The Duke of Cambridge.

The Duchess of Teck's Memoirs, which Mr. Murray has just published, abound in good stories, both of the Duchess herself and of her family. Her father, the first Duke of Cambridge, was, we are told, "a strong Churchman, and, in his simple way, very religious," but, as a friend of his used to say, "his religion sometimes took rather an unconventional form." He would frequently make audible remarks when the service was in progress. On one occasion, after the officiating clergyman had repeated the usual exhortation, "Let us pray," the Duke was heard to reply, "By all means." Another time he startled those near him by saying "Shawms, shawms! what are they?" During a very dry summer the vicar read the prayer for rain. At the close the Duke joined fervently in the "Amen," adding, in exactly the same tone of voice, "but we shan't get it till the wind changes."

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In Five Parts.—Copyrighted.—Part V.
CHAPTER IX.

In Which I Relate How and Where I Found John's Mother.

It was six weeks from the day we brought John Graham home before he pulled off his coat in our little shop on Ash street and went to work again. During all these days he hadn't said a word about his mother, and fearing to pain him, I had hesitated to open the subject. I knew he was thinking about her every hour in the day, however, and that he was sorely puzzled to know just what to do. He was ashamed to go home—ashamed to write to her—and yet he wanted to see her and ask her forgiveness and tell her all about his reformation and good luck.

I had plans of my own, however, and one afternoon I stepped off the train at Rochester. I think I enquired of fifty people before I found that a Mrs. Graham lived in the city. For some reason her name had been left out of the city directory. I finally found a drayman who said he knew a Widow Graham living on a street in the outskirts, and he told me how to reach her house.

It was evening before I started, and I lost the direction and blundered around until I thought of giving the quest up as a bad job. I was standing on a corner wondering what I should do, when a trampish-looking fellow sauntered past me, having a weapon of some sort in his right hand. He was a surly-looking dog, and didn't even have the civility to strike me for a nickel. I finally followed on after him, and Providence may have had a hand in my so doing.

After going about five squares I came to a cabin which I believed to be the one described to me. There were but few houses out there, with many vacant lots between them, and no sidewalks. As I turned in toward the



IT STRUCK HIM.

house I heard a woman scream for help. I was at the half-open front door in five jumps, and as I stood on the threshold I saw an old woman cowering in terror on the far side of the single room, and near her stood the scoundrel who had passed me on the street. I could see his face very plainly now, and I tell you he was a bad one.

"Help, sir! Help!" shouted the woman, who was first aware of my presence.

"Who the — are you?" growled the tramp, as he squared off.

"I'll ask the same question of you. Also, what are you doing here?"

"He's a villain, sir!" answered the woman. "He wants money, and he's just threatened my life, if I did not give him my last cent!"

"You bet I want money, and you bet I'm going to have some, too!" growled the fellow, as he looked more impudent than ever.

"Go out of here!" I said, as I stepped inside and made room for him to pass.

"Not for the likes of you, my chicken—not until after I break your head for your interference!"

I expected from the first that he would attack me. While I had a revolver in my pocket, I did not want to use it unless my life was positively in jeopardy. The cook-stove was at my right hand, and on it was a tin tea-stepper, holding about a pint. As he made a sort of half-circle around a chair and the front of the stove, at the same time clutching his club with firmer grasp, I picked up the stepper and flung it at his head. It was better than a charge of buckshot. It struck

him full in the face, the cover flew off, and the hot tea splattered all over him, scalding him from head to heel. He roared, yelled, screamed, cursed, and cried, almost in a breath, and knowing that I had taken all the fight out of him, I called to the woman to help me alleviate his sufferings.

The fellow had received an awful dose. It would have been altogether better for him had I sent a bullet into his shoulder, although I doubt if a 32-caliber would have stopped a burly ruffian like him unless penetrating his heart or brain. I gave him temporary relief by dashing cold water over him, and then the woman got rags and the kerosene can, and we put in half an hour's work on him. I was glad to see that his eyes had escaped injury, but the skin on his entire face peeled off. He was scalded about the throat, chest, shoulders, and arms, and while we were doing our best for him, he whined, as we pinned the last band with a thorn in his foot.

"I-I shall never get over this!" he whined, as we pinned the last bandage.

"Oh, yes, you will," I replied. "Like the boy who attempted to pick up a mule's hind leg, you'll never be pretty again, but you'll know more. Who are you, anyhow?"

"A poor man, sir."

"And a bad one."

"Well, there's worse!" he growled. "Perhaps so, but I doubt it. Trying your hand at robbery, eh?"

"It was only a bluff, sir; I wanted money to get a bed for the night."

"Were you bluffing when you started for me with that club?"

"No, sir. To be honest, I meant to do you up. What did you hit me with?"

"A tea-stepper full of boiling hot tea. Rather astonished you, didn't it?"

"I don't want any more of it, sir; and may I ask what you are going to do, now?"

"Turn you loose to shift for yourself. I ought to have you locked up, but I guess this is as good as a year in prison."

"But I've no money!" he protested. "I presume not, but I've furnished you with a plant worth at least \$1,000. Just go right out and claim to have been on a locomotive when a flue blew out. Everybody can see how you are

scalded and burned, and the dodge will enable you to live in clover for the next year."

"I believe you, sir. While I can't say I thank you for the scalding, I do say I'm obliged for the plan you've given me. I'll go now. Is it any use for me to tell the woman I'm sorry?"

"Not a bit, for you wouldn't be telling the truth. You lost your conscience years ago."

"But I'll say good-night to you, sir."

"And I'll wish you good night and good luck with your new dodge."

"Ah, sir," he said, as he went off the doorstep, "but I run up against a snag when I struck you! I like a game man, I do."

Just what I told you in a previous chapter. You can win some men by kind words and a gentle hand, while others must be knocked down to be brought over. I had picked up one tramp and helped him along. Why didn't I speak kind words to this one? While both were tramps or vagrants, there was this difference—one was "down on his luck," while the other compelled the world by brute force to keep him free of charge; one had been unfortunate, the other was vicious.

"And now, sir," said a voice at my elbow, as I stood in the open door watching the tramp picking his way across the commons, "let me return you the heartfelt thanks and everlasting gratitude of a poor old woman for your presence here to-night."

I haven't told you that I recognized her the moment I entered the house as John Graham's mother. The resemblance was very strong and I should have accosted her even in the

streets of New York, as Mrs. Graham. She was past the middle-age, and owing to a lameness had to use a cane. She had that motherly look which I never see on a woman's face without wanting to ask all about her children, and though she apparently dwelt in poverty, everything about her dress and the room had a home-like, tidy look.

"You are Mrs. Graham?" I said, as I took the chair she offered me.

"A widow?"

"Yes."

"Any children?"

"Oh, sir! she gasped, as she threw up her hands and turned so white I thought she was going to faint away. The look of appeal, of yearning, of anxiety, depicted on her countenance told me of the sudden thought which had come to her old heart. She felt that I had news from John.

"Did you say you had children?" I queried.

"I—I don't know! Oh, God! I don't know!" she wailed out, and then up went her check apron to help stifle her sobs.

"And why don't you?"

"I had one—a son—four years ago, but I can't say whether he's living or dead!" she sobbed.

"Did he go away from home?"

"He did. My John got in with a bad crowd, and one day he went away, never to be heard of again. Excuse my tears, sir, but even the kindest father on earth cannot feel with the heart of a mother. I'm old and poor and broken down, and many's the time I'm out of fire or food, but I could bear up and even sing over it if I knew where John was."

"Four years is a long time," I mused. "It's been an eternity to me, sir, sitting here alone most of the time with only my thoughts for company. Is he in prison wearing the stripes which forever brand a man as a criminal? Is he wandering over the face of the earth, brutal and vicious like the one who just left, and who meant to murder me? Is he dead—laid away by strangers in a grave I shall never look upon? Oh! sir, when I think of these things I almost go crazy! I try to be brave and to realize that others are suffering, too, but it breaks me down—it breaks me down!"

Was it cruel in me not to break the news as soon as I could? Well, I have always found that a woman enjoys good news best after first hearing bad news. She's bound to cry, anyhow, and it's more appropriate to cry over the bad. I watched her, as she rocked to and fro in her chair and sobbed with grief, and my heart seemed twice too large when I finally said:

"Suppose John is alive and well?"

"W-what?" she whispered, looking at me through her tears in a startled way.

"Come, now, mother, but I came here on purpose to tell you about John—your own boy, John. Don't get over-excited, now. I've nothing but good news to tell."

She came over to me, her face very white, and her eyes seeming to look through me, and placing her hand on my head, she whispered:

"Stranger, I never saw your face until an hour ago, but you don't look like a man who'd rack a poor old woman's heartstrings just to play off a joke. As God hears me, tell me if John—John—is—?"

"John is alive and well. He is also a sober, respectable man, and is hard at work every day. I came to tell you all about him!"

"God in heaven be praised! Praise his goodness forevermore!" she half-moaned, and she would have fallen to the floor in a faint had I not caught her and fanned her with my hat.

I suppose the people of that neighborhood are still puzzling over what they perhaps call "The Widow Graham Case." We sat right there the night through, and they must have seen the lamp burning. I saw a dozen or more watching me as I left the house at daylight, and other things followed to keep the tongue of gossip wagging. I told the mother the whole story from beginning to end, keeping nothing back, and she listened with tears in her eyes and her heart in her mouth. When I came to that part of my story where John fainted in the restaurant and I berated the hard-hearted woman, Mrs. Graham hoarsely whispered:

"Three tiptop inventions to patent and sell! John, old boy, you are a trump! Why, I'll guarantee you a small fortune out of these things even before applying for the patents!"

"Every dollar will belong to you, sir, and as many more as I can ever earn," he replied.

"Nonsense! We have been pards from the start, and it's share and share alike. I'm not a money grabber, and wouldn't know what to do with \$50,000 if it came my way, but you, John—what a nice thing to start you off with!"

He tried to say something in reply, but he choked up, his eyes filled with tears, and he sat down on a stool and cried like a homesick boy. What did I do? Oh, well, I sneaked out of the side door and made a skip. It wouldn't have looked business-like, you know, had a stranger dropped in and found the two active partners of John Graham, Mother & Co. giving way to their full hearts like a couple of young girls or old women. Fortunately, I encountered something to crowd the lump back down my throat. Down at Canal street I ran across the two old bums I had given such a dressing down in the shop. I not only met the same kidney with them. The four had me surrounded before I knew it, with no officer in sight, but they had not planned an immediate attack.

"Gents," said Bill, who was not quite so thick-headed as on the former occasion. "I will now state this 'ere case to you in plain language, with all the law words and grammar left out, and I'm trusting that the gent has honor enough to abide by the findings, as I shall do."

"What's your case?" I asked, "and who are you going to state it to?"

"My case is 'Me versus You,'" he replied, "and I'm going to state it to my friends here, but more particularly to the Hon. Jerry Smith."

"Which is me, of course?" growled an old, red-nosed, red-faced vag in rags, as he bustled forward.

"Well, go ahead."

"It is this 'ere way, may it please the court," began Bill, with a great

shop one day and said to John:

"I've been figuring on that cotton bale tie and here it is. If this isn't simple, cheap and effective, then I don't believe we can ever hit it."

He picked up a tie, used the hammer and vise a few minutes to make it conform to my design, and then replied:

"It's a go, sir! It's the very thing demanded, and we need experiment no further. I've also got a surprise—two of them—for you."

He brought out the hand corn-plant and a quart of shelled corn, and proved to me that he had a perfect thing for the farmer who wanted labor-saving machinery, which was both simple and cheap. Then followed something I had never given a thought to—a machine to make wooden toothpicks. He had it all set up and in running order, and as he turned on the power and fed in a block of poplar the toothpicks rattled out in a perfect shower.

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"Well, go ahead."

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I were "pards," you know. Before I went away from the house I took the responsibility of enlarging the firm, if not the business. John's mother was admitted as an equal partner—John Graham, Mother & Co. Querer sort of a sign for Ash street, eh?

CHAPTER X.

In Which There is a Pleasant Ending.

It was a pleasant sound to hear John Graham whistling as he worked away at his forge. He was a sturdy-looking fellow, with eyes as clear as glass and a face so frank that you could read his very thoughts. I say it seemed so queer to run back a few weeks and remember who and what he was when I found him. Why, man, while I am by no means rich, I would not have traded the feeling which crept into my heart in those days for half the wealth represented in the length of Broadway.

I didn't flatter and praise myself, nor pat my own back and swell up over the thought that I was a humanitarian and a philosopher. I had done what I had done. That's all there was to it. Circumstances had directed me to a considerable extent, and I couldn't figure out that I had done anything more than a thousand others would do if placed just as I was. So, whatever your opinion may be, I have given you mine.

About two weeks after my return from Rochester I went down to the



"JOHN, OLD BOY, YOU ARE A TRUMP"

but he turns out to be the owner of the shop and pitches in to do us up. We was a bit to leeward, me an' Jim, and though we gives him the best we had he gets the best of it."

"The werry best we had, but we gits banged," added Jim.

"I'm not complainin' of the wolloppin' in general," continued Bill, "cause that's every man's lookout, but of the fact that he knocked out the only two front teeth I had in my jaws, as all can observe, sir. That's damages, that is. When a man with my appetite can no longer bite with his front teeth what's goin' to be the result? Gradual decline and general debility, sir! I'll shorten my life by ten years!"

"A werry, werry, gradual decline, Bill," hiccupped Jim.

"How much damages do you claim?" I asked.

"Well, it's for the Hon. Jerry Smith to decide, sir, and I'm hoping you'll be fair and man-like."

"Them teeth—them two front teeth" said the Hon. Jerry, after a little thinking. "Is with at least a dollar of any man's money, even if Bill forgot to spit 'em out and has 'em down below yet."

"Two dollars!" put in Bill.

"Not a red over one, Bill," replied Jerry. "That is enough for the four of us to get drunk on, and if we had anything over we'd lose it. A dollar is the verdict of the court."

"The werry, werry verdict of the court," added Jim.

I gave Bill a dollar, shook hands all around, and the affair was considered settled forever. I have never seen one of the four since.

I lost no time in applying for patents on our invention, but I kept a sharp eye on John all the time. I was waiting for something to happen, some-

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flourish. "Jim there, and me, is thing I knew would surely come. He was bracing himself up to speak of his mother, and to remark that he'd take a run out to his old home and hunt her up. I went up to his room one evening on purpose to give him this opportunity. After talking for a while about our matters, I mentioned Rochester, and he plucked up the courage to say:

"I'm sadly embarrassed, sir, and I've been wanting to speak to you for some time."

"What is it, John?"

"I—I told you how I left home."

"Yes."

"And that I had an old mother."

"Yes."

"Well, God forgive me! but I don't know what's happened in these four years! She may be dead!"

"I hope not."

"Or, if she's living, what excuses can I make for not writing to her? Why, sir, while my heart is aching to see her again, I don't know how I'm ever to look her in the face and call her mother."

"You did just what thousands of other foolish young men have done, John, in taking to drink and running away, and you'll find her ready to forgive and to bury the past."

"Do you really think so?"

"I do, my boy. What mother does not stand ready to forgive the failings and shortcomings of her child? They'll forgive them for murder. It's a bitter lesson which you have been learning, but one which will do you good. Make it a part of your life-work from this on, John, to have an eye out for the boys growing up. If you see them going wrong—following in your own footsteps—advise and plead with them—hold up the picture of the future. It is a mistake for boys to have the run of a town o' nights;

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"For two weeks I used Postum, and when I returned to Boston, I banished tea and coffee from the table forever. My complexion has made a decided change for the better, and it goes without saying that I feel greatly benefited. My nights are not sleepless now, as they were when I was a coffee drinker." M. E. Curtis, Canterbury street, Boston, Mass.

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ing Syrup."

it is a mistake for them to want to be
known as 'good fellows,' it is a mis-
take for them to believe that liquor
and tobacco add to their dignity, and
that money spent in a saloon makes
true friends. You and I know better,
John—all of us know better—but the
trouble is that so few of us put our
selves out to guide these boys aright."

"I'll do it, sir," replied John, with
a good deal of feeling. "I'd be will-
ing to spend all the rest of my days
in seeking to save those who are tak-
ing the same road as I did."

"And now about your mother. A
friend of mine from Rochester will be
here to-morrow, and to-morrow night
we'll drop in on him for a chat. I
think we can learn whether your mo-
ther is living or dead, and next day
you can take the train."

I had to do some tall hustling
around next day, but before night I
had accomplished all I planned to.
John tried the shop, but he was so
anxious and nervous that he could do
nothing, and he finally started off for
the park, and put in the remainder of
the day there. About seven o'clock I
went around to his room and found
him all dressed up and waiting.

"Well, the party is here," I said,
"and we will drop around. He has
relatives in Clinton place and is stop-
ping with them."

"You—you, go alone!" he whis-
pered, hanging back at the door. "Go
and find if she is alive, and then come
for me. If he should tell me to my
face that she was dead and buried, I
think I'd faint away."

"Come along, man. I pumped him
a bit to-day on my own account and
I'm quite sure she's alive and well."

"God grant it! God grant it!" he



prayed, as we passed out of doors.

In about ten minutes I had rung the
door-bell of a house in Clinton place
—a comfortable house and respectable
surroundings, and quite handy to our
shop. Whose house was it? Well,
John Graham paid for it afterward. A
girl admitted us and we hung up our
hats, and as John followed her into the
parlor I grabbed my hat and sneaked
softly outdoors and went home. I
knew who was there to welcome her
long-lost boy John, because I had
planned with her in the little house
at Rochester that night. I knew she'd
cry and John would break down, and
—and—well, I didn't want to be there,
and that's the long and short of it, and
nobody's business but my own.

And about Mary Clinton? You've
figured it out that she and John would
be married. You have figured right.
I wouldn't have had it come out any
other way. She was a girl deserving
of a good husband, and she got one
in John. I never go up there without
realizing what an envious fate brought
them together, and how much she had
to do with bringing my "experiment"
to a successful issue.

And now this is all. I have no flour-
ish to wind up with. They are a hap-
py pair and the happy mother lives
with them. And say, you may have
heard that—

No, I don't believe you have, and so
I'll tell you. One of the presents
somebody up there found in his
Christmas stocking last Christmas
weighed nine pounds, and had a lively
kick to it. Here's my hand on it, and
good luck to all of us.

The End.

Fried Onions.

Indirectly Caused the Death of the World's
Greatest General.

It is a matter of history that Napo-
leon was a gourmand, an inordinate
lover of the good things of the table,
and history further records that his
favorite dish was fried onions; his
death from cancer of the stomach it
is claimed also was probably caused
from his excessive indulgence of this
fondness for the odorous vegetable.

The onion is undoubtedly a whole-
some article of food, in fact has many
medicinal qualities of value, but it
would be difficult to find a more indi-
gestible article than fried onions, and
to many people they are simply poi-
son, but the onion does not stand
alone in this respect. Any article of
food that is not thoroughly digested
becomes a source of disease and dis-
comfort, whether it be fried onions or
beef-steak.

The reason why any wholesome food
is not promptly digested is because the
stomach lacks some important element
of digestion; some stomachs lack pep-
tone, others are deficient in gastric
juice, still others lack Hydrochloric
acid.

The one thing necessary to do in any
case of poor digestion is to supply
those elements of digestion which the
stomach lacks, and nothing does this
so thoroughly and safely as Stuart's
Dyspepsia Tablets.

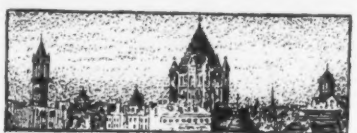
Dr. Richardson, in writing a thesis
on treatment of dyspepsia and indiges-
tion, closes his remarks by saying, "for

those suffering from acid dyspepsia,
shown by sour, watery risings, or for
flatulent dyspepsia, shown by gas on
stomach, causing heart trouble and
difficult breathing, as well as for all
other forms of stomach trouble, the
safest treatment is to take one or two
of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets after
each meal. I advise them because
they contain no harmful drugs, but
are composed of valuable digestives,
which act promptly upon the food eat-
en. I never knew a case of indiges-
tion or even chronic dyspepsia which
Stuart's Tablets would not reach."

Cheap cathartic medicines claiming
to cure dyspepsia and indigestion can
have no effect whatever in actively di-
gesting the food, and to call any cathar-
tic medicine a cure for indigestion is
a misnomer.

Every druggist in the United States
and Canada sells Stuart's Dyspepsia
Tablets, and they are not only the
safest and most successful, but the
most scientific of any treatment for in-
digestion and stomach troubles.

The Gymnasium at Aldershot.



TO take a raw recruit, with
stooped shoulders and
shuffling gait, and in three
months or so turn him into
an erect, full-chested, mus-
cular soldier—this is the
function of Colonel Napier, who or-
ganized and now directs the headquar-
ters gymnasium in the permanent army
"camp" at Aldershot, England. The
gymnasium itself is fitted with every
appliance for athletic training, says the
Golden Penny, and on each side of it
are large fields so that the exercises
may be taken in the open air when-
ever the weather permits.

The best of all the outside parapher-
nalia, and one known only to English
army gymnasiums, is a great frame-
work, the invention of Colonel Napier,
upon which the men are taught climb-
ing of every sort, and which, owing to
its height, is calculated to train the
eye as well as the muscles. Hanging
from the frame are many kinds of
knotted ropes, plain ropes, poles and
swinging ladders, and as inclined side-
supports, there are ladders, sliding
boards and smooth inclines.

The classes are put over this frame
twice a day at very fast time, an in-
structor standing at each corner to
hurry them along.

Some of the men become so expert
at this form of climbing that they can
go up a ladder, across the top, and
down the other side without using
their hands to steady them, although
making the ascent and descent at a
fast run.

In walking, the men are given about
one hundred yards on their toes, with
the shoulders thrown far back, the chin
raised, and the hands on the hips;
during the last twenty-five yards the
walk is quickened almost to a run, and
at all times is done in a springing
step. Another walk is a quick step
with the body straight and the arms
at the side, walking with the flat foot
and the heel. At the command,
"Knees up!" the men take a motion
like a high-stepping horse, and at the
same time quicken the step into a run.

Standing straight, with the hands on
the hips, the head thrown back, and
then rising on the toes for some few
minutes, is hard work, and at the same
time the best of exercise for develop-
ing the legs. After keeping up this
motion until the perspiration fairly

pours from their bodies, the men are
given a rest in the shape of a stiff leg
trot or some exercise of the arms.

The calisthenic drill has almost as
many changes as there are movements
of the body. The raising of the arms
above the head while a step forward is
taken is one of the most useful exer-
cises.

For strengthening the legs and feet
the squad stands straight with the
hands on the hips, and then bends the
knees to a sitting posture, at the same
time rising on the toes.

One of the most difficult of all the
exercises, and at the same time one of
the most picturesque, involves lying at
full length on the ground, face down-
ward, touching only the toes and the
hands, the elbows being bent so as to
bring the hands about even with the
chest. At the word of command the
arms are slowly straightened, while
the body is raised and kept perfectly
stiff.

Asthma Cured Permanently.

**Why Do You Suffer Night After Night, and
Keep Dosing With Temporary Relief
Remedies? Clarke's Kola Compound
Will Relieve Your Suffering. It Cures
Permanently.**

Mr. S. Till's case was a most obsti-
nate one, but this marvelous remedy
worked the wonder. Was cured with
six bottles. Here is his letter in his
own words. Mr. S. Till, 142 Dorches-
ter street, St. John, N.B., writes: "I
have been a great sufferer from asthma
for nearly ten years. Many months
night after night, I have been so bad
that sleep was impossible, and at times
I thought I would choke. I used dif-
ferent asthma remedies and doctored
with the best physicians in St. John,
but my trouble became worse each
year. About a year ago I purchased
three bottles of Clarke's Kola Com-
pound; then I took three more, and
since completing the treatment with
this remedy have not had a single at-
tack. I take great pleasure in recom-
mending Dr. Clarke's Kola Com-
pound, which I know has no equal for
asthma. Since being cured I have
frequently recommended this remedy
to others in our city, and they all
speak very highly of it." Clarke's
Kola Compound is the only perman-
ent cure for asthma yet discovered.
Over a thousand complete cures are
recorded in Canada alone. All drug-
gists sell it. Write for book telling
all about Clarke's Kola Compound, to
the Griffiths & Macpherson Co., Lim-
ited, 121 Church street, Toronto.

Too Fresh.

IN Australia and Canada the en-
thusiasm for volunteering on ac-
tive service is somewhat damped
by the possibility of the men hav-
ing to serve under Imperial in-
stead of their own regimental officers.
With their own officers the men would
willingly go anywhere, but the Imperi-
al officer, who only knows the enlisted
Tommy, is usually a trifle too superci-
lous for them. A memorable instance
of this occurred at the time of the
Louis Riel rebellion in Canada. The
weather was bitterly cold, and the
headquarters staff sent to Winnipeg
for some portable stoves to keep their
quarters warm. On their arrival they
could not be fitted up owing to some
defect in the smoke pipes. The cap-
tain of a crack Manitoba company was,
in civil life, a master plumber and hard-
ware merchant. He quietly got into
working clothes and adjusted every-
thing in the presence of the officers
(to whom he was then personally un-
known), to their very great comfort.
Next day, in uniform, he was intro-
duced to the officers of the staff. A

ONE TRIAL

WILL BE SUFFICIENT TO INSTAL

LUDELLA

CEYLON TEA

IN EVERYBODY'S HOME. SOLD ONLY IN LEAD PACKAGES.

25c, 30c, 40c, 50c and 60c.

callow youth, fresh from England, and
with an eye-glass screwed in one eye,
recognized him, and in his wonder-
ment blurted out: "I say, Colonel,
I'm blown if this isn't the demmed
tinker that put the stoves right yester-
day." It was an unfortunate remark,
and was remembered for long after-
wards. The plumber had considerable
political influence, and he exercised it
in the way of seeing that votes in the
Dominion Parliament for payment of
Imperial officers serving in Canada
were severely criticized.

Brave Children.

PROBABLY one of the youngest
heroes on record is Leonard
Webber, aged five years, who has
just received a certificate of
honor from the Royal Humane Society
for saving his three-year-old brother
from drowning The Philadelphia
Times tells the story.

The children were playing with other
boys on the edge of a pond, when the
younger Webber fell into the water.
The others, frightened, took to their
heels, but Leonard, without the slight-
est hesitation, plunged in and rescued
his brother.

Quite as remarkable was a case
which comes from a remote corner of
Russia, where a boy of nine years actu-
ally had the temerity to tackle a great,
gaunt wolf that had assailed a tiny
playmate as he lay asleep.

The rescuer seized an axe that had
been left by a woodman, and gave bat-
tle to the wolf, which, finding itself
thus attacked, promptly scuttled off to
the wood.

Russia has been the scene of much
youthful heroism. Some years ago,
while a peasant woman was sitting with
her little daughter, aged about eight
years, at supper, the curtains which
divided the living-room in which they
sat from the adjoining bed-room caught
fire through the explosion of an oil
lamp.

The mother sat still, not knowing
what to do, but her daughter, child as
she was, possessed more presence of
mind. Seizing a knife, she climbed
upon a chair, cut down the blazing
curtains, and then smothered the flames
with the hearth-rug. In two minutes
the fire, which might have developed
into a veritable conflagration, was ex-
tinguished.

Slow Suicide.

**Because Poor Digestion Slowly Starves
the Body.**

**Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets Make Digestion
Perfect—They Digest the Food and
Restore the Stomach to Health.**

Put a sturdy, healthy, vigorous
plant in a potful of poor soil, place it
in a dark, unventilated room, and give
it no water, and the consequence will
be that it will wither, become weak
and puny, lose its natural color, and
finally die.

The same thing exactly, happens in
the case of a person afflicted with
Dyspepsia. The source of nourish-
ment is cut off. Every organ and
nerve is starved.

A moment's thought will show that
there is only one way to remedy such
a state of affairs. That is to restore
the supply of nourishment.

Dyspepsia is the result of imperfect
digestion. Make the digestion perfect,
and Dyspepsia and all its attendant
evils will disappear, and vigorous
health will take the place of weakness
and misery, just as a plant will grow

healthy and strong, when placed in a
good light, and given plenty of rich
soil and water.

Nothing under the sun will make
perfect a poor digestion, except Dodd's
Dyspepsia Tablets. They digest the
food. They bring the stomach to a
condition of complete health, and en-
able it to carry out properly its own
work.

In this respect, as in every other,
Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets are unlike
all other Dyspepsia remedies. The pa-
tient does not have to use them for
ever. They create no "Tablet habit,"
and their good results are seen almost
immediately.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets will con-
vince you of their efficacy, by curing
you.

Victoria, Our Queen.

Victoria, our Queen, our country
Gave her sons to die for thee,
Canst thou, thro' murmur'd discontent,
Doubt the Canadian loyalty?

We are children, of younger growth,
Willingly we gave our all
That we might fight for thee and live—
Or, if God so wills it, fall,

And with their last, their dying breath
(Look on the battle's ghastly scene,
With all of self forgot), they raise the
cry,
"God bless and save our Queen!"

EMILY HALSON.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All
druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.
E. W. Grove's signature is on each box.

A Royal Coolness.

It is said Her Majesty is somewhat
annoyed with the young ruler of
Holland. When the latter came of
age our Sovereign wrote her a long
letter of most sensible advice in her
own hand. To which Queen Wilhel-
mina suitably replied with professions
of respectful devotion. Our Sovereign
then invited her to Windsor, and has
twice repeated her desire to entertain
the young Dutch ruler. Wilhelmina,
however, replied with evasive procrasti-
nations, to which the great lady at
Windsor has never been accustomed
from any of the four generations of
European potentates she has known.
Now Queen Wilhelmina has cordially
espoused the side of the Boers, and
has made indiscreet remarks about the
English which have been taken back
to Windsor, as no doubt was intended
by the impetuous girl. The Queen
is surprised and pained. But the
young Dutch sovereign is not a grand-
daughter of the Queen, or, indeed, a
scion of the House of Hanover, so
coercion is not easy. No one can rate
Queen Wilhelmina in Amsterdam,
and she will not come to Windsor to
be scolded.

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above Hall is of the highest order, heated by
steam and lighted by electricity, ventilated by
Electric Fans; large Dining-room and Kitchen
with range, also retiring and dressing-rooms
on the same floor. Perfect Floor for Dancing.

For full particulars apply to
A. M. CAMPBELL,
Confederation Building, 8 Richmond St. East.



Rheumatism and Gout.

Eminent physicians, who have given
special study to these diseases, state that
rheumatism and gout are really a toxemia
or poisoning resulting from the decomposition
of food stuffs in a dilated or prolapsed
stomach. This condition induces the forma-
tion of uric acid, which is absorbed into the
blood. This decomposition is caused by im-
paired digestion. Until normal digestion is
restored, quantities of this acid continue to
be produced until the system becomes satura-
ted with it.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt corrects the
tendency to acid formation in the alimentary
canal, stimulates the natural activity of the
digestive organs, restores normal nutrition,
and thus rids the system of rheumatism and
gout, and prevents its return.

The dose for Rheumatism and Gout is a
teaspoonful of the Salt in half a tumbler of
water night and morning until a free action
of the bowels is produced.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Price, 60 cts. per large bottle. Trial size, 25 cts.

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For Lunch,
For Supper,
When Sleighing,
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After the Dance,
After the Theatre

BOVRIL is Delicious
and
Instantly Invigorating.



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DOMINION BREWERY CO.
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Manufacturers of
the Celebrated

**WHITE LABEL
JUBILEE and
INDIA PALE...ALES**



The above brands are the genuine extract of
Malt and Hops.



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

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NOT in years has there been, to my knowledge, a more obvious object lesson as to what Christianity has done for mankind than the play, so frequently scoffed at, The Sign of the Cross, at the Grand this week—unless it was that wonderful and much-criticized novel, Quo Vadis. Society is shown to have been so heartless and cruel, so lacking in the most fundamental principles that conserve it and make the world a comparatively safe and happy place to live in to-day, that one is instinctively forced to thank fate that we exist eighteen hundred years further on in the Christian era. No matter what religion a man holds, he cannot help thanking those early Christians in the bottom of his soul that they remained true to their faith. By their courage and unconquerable conviction, the religion of love, of unselfishness, of the equality of man, and all those principles that are now more or less strongly, more or less consciously, a part of human nature in the civilized world, was kept alive to regenerate mankind. The fact of the doctrine of the despised Jew spreading through imperial Rome, finally conquering and making that city the capital of the Christian world, shows what a marvellous appeal it made to man when man needed rescuing most. That it is still a factor in civilization eighteen hundred years after, shows the influence it holds over men's minds even to-day. Confronted with the awful contrast of a heartless paganism, the modern world would doubtless again behold martyrs willing to sacrifice everything rather than the reassuring faith that gives a man hope in the final triumph of goodness over evil. To-day we cannot fully conceive that contrast. The Christian races rule the world. In spite of wars and all the rest of it, the gentle doctrines of Christianity have imbued themselves into our civilization to an extent sufficient at least to render it difficult to realize what the world would be without them. All our inconsistencies and shortcomings of the ideal and letter of the faith are trivial, when confronted with a condition where the faith doesn't exist at all. Imagine what a horror life would be when nothing in a man's nature or belief prevented him from sending fellow-creatures, men, women and children, to be tortured for sport. The world has seen torture both performed and endured by Christians since, but the Inquisitors had at least the merciful, if fanatical, idea that they were saving the souls of the victims and stamping out a danger to the souls of others. Christianity may not be the force it was in its early days, when it fell on the mind of man as something utterly new, a heaven-born inspiration, a reaction from the cruel, hopeless, selfish scepticism in pagan gods, but its principles have settled deep into the nature of the ruling portion of mankind. Its mystery and dogma may have worn out for some people. Some people may have imagined that they have out-grown all religion, that their philosophy of life requires no other motive than that of doing right for right's sake. I do not say that that is impossible. But at the same time, the foundation of society which renders their philosophy possible, that built up the virtues in man, rests on these very principles for which those early martyrs endured tortures that, to us, of shallower, lighter conviction, seem unbearable. The Christian ideal underlies society as we know it, and the sceptic and advanced thinker rests his ladder upon this bed-rock to climb higher (as he thinks, at least.) into subtler philosophies.

I have not as yet seen Quo Vadis, the play which The Sign of the Cross so much resembles. I have read the novel, and believe the author painted the society of Rome as history describes it, for the purpose of drawing the contrast with the conditions of the day, and showing what a difference Christianity made to the world. He laid bare the truth as an artist should, fearlessly, without false coloring or false modesty. The Sign of the Cross was said to have been taken from the novel Quo Vadis, but this has been authoritatively denied. Until seeing Quo Vadis, therefore, I will consider The Sign of the Cross, now filling its third engagement here, as the most startling demonstration of the debt the modern world owes to Christianity that has been put upon the stage of recent years. As an historical drama, apart from its appeal to the religious or sociological side of the theater-goer, it possesses an interesting plot, with well-drawn characters. Its scenic pictures are among the most beautiful ever seen here, and the company is a satisfactory one.

Over the Fence is the not overly dignified title of the musical farce comedy at the Toronto Opera House this week. A musical farce comedy is not usually a dignified proceeding itself, so we needn't fuss about the appropriateness of the title. The piece was written by the author of Through the Breakers, and in it John C. Rice and Sally Cohen are making "their first appearance in Canada." I do not know how Canada strikes this duo stellar combination, but if it gives them a similar impression to the one they gave the writer, this country is not extraordinarily remarkable. They mean well, no doubt, and their work is conscientiously done, but the line under their names on the programme is rather absurd, considering that the fame

of neither had preceded them to this wilderness, and is not very clearly established now that they have arrived. Over the Fence is a mix-up of a nice young man, a burglar and several other characters with the same name. It is interspersed with songs, dances, and burlesques. As a whole, the specialties are cleverer and more entertaining than the farce itself.

De Wolfe Hopper will appear at the Grand the last half of next week in The Charlatan. He is accompanied by Jessie Mackeye, who is said to have made a hit in London in this opera.

The Hanlons, who are believed to be the largest producers of scenic spectacles on this side of the water, each year add new splendor to their ever-popular Superba. In this way they retain their old clientele, while the spectacle is constantly gaining new admirers. Last year this attraction was seen by more people here than attended any other theatrical performance. Superba will be the attraction at the Toronto Opera House beginning next Monday night.



The Trans-Oceanic Star Specialty Company provide a thoroughly first-class show at Shea's Theater this week. This company has been seen at the Toronto Opera House—that is to say, an aggregation of the same name has performed at that theater, but only the name is the same. The company itself, which is one of the best collections of vaudeville talent on the road, as seen at Shea's, is entirely new. The most novel feature of the bill is the performing parrots of Mademoiselle Marzella, a lady with a French accent and a German accent. The advanced state of education to which these birds have been brought is marvellous. They spell Otter with two t's, and travel right through the name of the great Kitchener without a slip. One of them also kindly consents to turn back-somersaults for the edification of the audience, and as a scientific demonstration of what training will do for parrots. The German acrobats and pantomime tumbler, who wind up the show, are novel and exceedingly clever. As many of their tricks are performed on a stage roof-top, an element of weird wonderment is added to their turn that would be lacking performed on the horizontal bar with the usual mat. If vaudeville is what is wanted, Trans-Oceanics ought to fill the demand.

George Fuller Golden, who is considered by many the best monologist on the stage, will be the feature of a big vaudeville bill at Shea's Theater next week. Golden is one of the brightest men in the profession, and his stuff is always new and up-to-date. Phil Ott and the Three Rosebuds, in a sketch by Joseph Hart, have a very funny turn. Smith and Campbell can out-talk any two men in the business. Lizzie Evans and Harry Mills have a clever sketch. The Holloway Trio, in a wonderful acrobatic act; Arthur Nelson and Minnie Abbie, dancers; Maude Meredith, singer, and the Biograph complete the bill. The Biograph will have all the latest views from South Africa.

Miss Gertrude Mackenzie, of Toronto, who accompanied De Wolfe Hopper to London, has been left in England as a leading member of the Anglo-American Opera Company, which will continue to play Il Capitano in the provinces. Miss Mackenzie's role is Isabel, the leading female part, in which she has been exceedingly successful. In America, she has sung in The Charlatan and in Wang, having joined the Hoppers in Chicago three years ago.

Rostand's new play, it is said, will duplicate the success of Cyrano de Bergerac. Bernhardt is playing a leading role, while the author insists that Coquelin, who played the original Cyrano, shall impersonate the old soldier who figures as the hero. There is both a business and professional rivalry between these two artists, for with them both in the cast the profits to each will be considerably lessened. However, Bernhardt is reported to have prepared energetically for her part, even going so far as to dress in character at her home and have her servants address her by her fictitious title.

The tenor of the Singing Girl Company, Mr. Ritchie Ling, has been left behind on the road to get over a serious illness. This season seems to be an unhealthy one for theatrical stars. Sothorn was obliged to cancel his engagement in Washington, and that after an advance sale of \$5,000. Mrs. Carter, of Zaza fame, is unable to fill her engagements. Julia Arthur is sick and her company disbanded; and Olga Nethersole has had twice to postpone her engagement at Wallack's Theater, New York.

Miss Cissy Loftus possesses a persistent ambition to perform in legitimate drama. Madame Modjeska has offered to take her into her company next season, but Miss Cissy has still unfulfilled contracts in London. The Alhambra, for instance, has had her booked for several years, but has allowed her to repeatedly postpone her appearance. It is said that London managers are becoming impatient in view of the rumors that Miss Loftus wishes to abandon mimicry.

At the Conservatory of Music last Monday evening, Miss May Robson and Miss Ella Marion Jones gave a recital, comprising selections from some of our best authors. Miss Robson and Miss Jones are graduates of the Emerson College of Oratory and are at present doing post-graduate work under the guidance of Miss Masson, principal of the Conservatory School of Elocution.

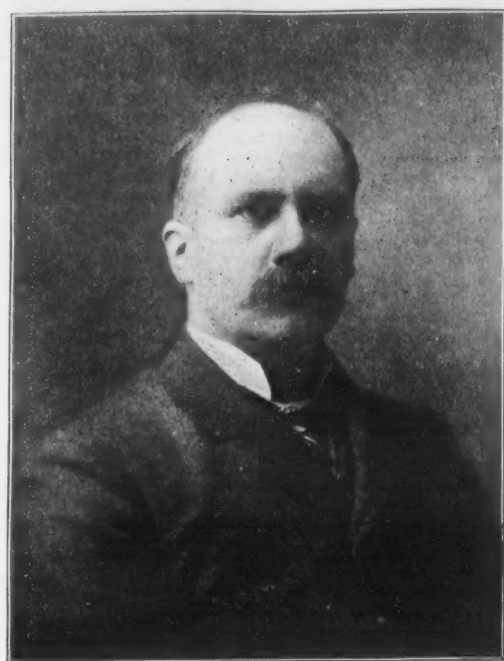
Magda, in which Mrs. Fiske was seen here last year, has been revived in London. Mrs. Patrick Campbell playing the title role. It is said that though Magda never really affects the audience, Mrs. Campbell makes her interesting. Mrs. Fiske did more than that. She made this study of a phase of contemporary German life thrilling with its intensity and microscopic in its analysis of character.

The late Johann Strauss' posthumous ballet, Cinderella, has been accepted for the Berlin Opera, and will be played there before it is staged in Vienna. A lady friend of the Strauss family went especially to Berlin to see the General Intendant, Count Hochberg, and perform the work for his approval.

Because She Loved Him So, a play seen here at the Grand this season, is the cause of dispute. A piratical version of the play is on tour, and wary managers are steering clear of it. The two rightful companies playing this piece are at present, one in San Francisco, the other in Ohio.

Quo Vadis, the play from the Polish novel, presented at the Princess again this week, in Milwaukee enjoys the distinction of almost establishing a new record as an irresistible attraction. Maud Adams holds the present record, it seems, but Quo Vadis turned over \$12,000, and thousands were unable to secure standing-room.

The Pride of Jennico, with James K. Hackett, to whom



REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON, THE EXPERIMENTAL JOURNALIST OF KANSAS.

belongs a great share of the credit for its success, will probably go to England at the close of the season on this side of the pond.

The Theatrical Mechanical Association's annual benefit was held at the Grand Friday afternoon. As usual, a splendid programme was contributed.

Ellen Terry did not appear in New York last week. She is still very ill.

The Ethics of Frivolity.

"WHAT drove me to frivolity was the seriousness of nearly all the people I knew," said Anne to herself, pouring her tea into her saucer. "I revel in frivolity now; I wear frivolous ties and frivolous shoes, with openwork stockings and lace petticoats. It feels good to be frivolous after years of plain skirts, thick boots and reasonableness. I pride myself on being inconsistent. Emerson says consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, but I don't care whether Emerson said it or I. I don't read Emerson's essays very often now. I used to think they were fine for the intellect. Ruskin's works do not impress me, because he had such a big nose, and I see his nose in the margin of his books. Jane told me that frivolity was a sign of mental degeneration; that it was a lackadaisical, effortless way to think, and that frivolous people didn't know how to pound sand. Jane is wrong, but I wouldn't tell her so. I agreed with her at the time, which showed me how really frivolous I had become. Imagine a reasonable person agreeing with a person who is wrong! But I don't like people to tell me to 'wait till I am as old as they are and I will see how silly I am,' or 'that is the way girls love at eighteen—wait till you are a little older and then you will wonder how you ever,' etc., and 'young people always think they know it all.' I have felt like saying the very same things in times past, but I think they are silly now. It is such nonsense to storm with affirmation a creature who is unprepared to feel the truth of your statements. It's like shrieking in English at a Frenchman who can't speak your language.

"Reserved people used to bother me a lot, until I realized that they really hadn't anything worth reserving as a general thing. The reserved people seem continually on the verge of bad temper, as a matter of fact, and conversation with them is a perpetual dodging the angles of their words. They are the people who get confidential some fatal day and tell you their soul sorrows—which always takes them a long time and amounts to no more than your own would, if you could remember them. You listen gravely, and if you are a good actress you sniff a little and dab your best lace handkerchief in your eyes. If you haven't a nice handkerchief you shouldn't feel sorry that way—only stare mournfully and wait for them to beg forgiveness for burdening you with their troubles. But you never laugh at them—unless you are a horrid serious person—because, in the first place, you can't make people sensible by laughing at them; and, in the second place, you remember that you told your imaginary sorrows to people once, and you hated them for not understanding. It is easier for frivolous creatures to be amiable than it is for the serious ones, who hate misrepresentation and error so intensely.

"It must be very interesting to have a strong will and a lot of conscientiousness, but they must get in your way an awful lot sometimes, especially the conscientiousness. It is conscience that makes you thwart those who are dependent on your judgment, when they want to eat candy or drink hard cider. It is conscientiousness that makes you tell people their faults and your opinions of them; it is the same failing that makes you refuse to explain your bad temper when someone has annoyed you—and you sulk.

"Strong-willed persons have a hard time, too. It must be quite a trial to find out that it would be pleasanter to do something else when you have made up your mind to go down town and shop. Of course, if you hadn't a strong will you could do the something else, but since you have, you must submit to it. Frivolous people never have strong wills or restless consciences, no matter how much they need them, so, of course, nothing matters very much to them. They rarely have a sense of justice either. They wouldn't use it if they had. Justice is such a painful thing. I used to despise it, when I was deprived of my piece of cake for committing the crime of upsetting the spoon-holder. Spoon-holders are always upsetting; they topple over if you just look at them, and you get justice for it. No, frivolous persons should not tamper with Libra. I don't altogether approve of Mercy. People don't want mercy as long as they are left alone. Of course, if you are bound to meddle with unfortunate or sinful folks, mercy is the best instrument to carry—but frivolous people should make it a point not to meddle.

"Another thing I disapprove of is the bestowal of praise. It's meddlesome in a way, and it's ridiculous. How I used to look down on the woman who told my mother that I was such a clever child, while she held my cold hand and said something flattering about me in every sentence. And I always wanted to make a face when they told me I had a future before me. Of course you like it when you grow up, but it's an acquired liking that is liable to go back on you sometimes. So you shouldn't give much praise. You should be too frivolous to want to make your fellow-man take himself more seriously than he does.

"I know that some great men have been serious-minded. Gladstone and Victor Hugo and Byron were very serious, but they couldn't help it. I'm sure Abraham Lincoln and Emerson were inclined to be frivolous—and they were very much nicer and greater than Victor Hugo and Gladstone.

Anne had thought for a long time, and had grown sleepy, so she gave a last look at her little frivolous feet, put down her tea cup and curled up in a big chair. "I do think those slippers are perfect," she said, as her eyes closed, but she smiled serenely in her slumber and remarked to the fire: "It's awfully frivolous to admire your own feet, but Emerson says you should insist on yourself, and never take anything back."

Notes From the Capital.

IN the Canadian capital on the 17th of March everybody was Irish—Englishmen, Scotchmen, Frenchmen. You could not tell one from the other that day, for they all wore shamrocks and all were jubilant. It might have been St. Andrew's, St. George's, St. Jean Baptiste and St. Patrick's day rolled into one. Perhaps the least jubilant of any were some Irishmen who did not approve of this general use of their own particular emblem, any more than they understood the sudden wave of popularity which was flowing over them. "You are all Irish to-day," said one of Erin's most brilliant sons, at a banquet in honor of the occasion, where Frenchmen and Scotchmen had been trying to impress upon the company the fact of an Irish great-grandmother, or some distant ancestor—"You are all Irish to-day, and we are glad to see it. And when this popular clamor is over we will still remain 'the Irish.'" The Russell Theater was beautifully decorated for the annual concert of St. Patrick's Society. The audience was probably a more representative one than has ever before gathered at a national concert in this city. The popular idea of the Empire's unity was carried out in the decorations, in which the Empire's flag formed the chief feature. At the back of the stage the banner of St. Patrick was suspended between banners of St. George and St. Andrew. In his opening address, Mr. Dr. Arcey Scott, president of St. Patrick's Society, spoke of the change in England's attitude toward Ireland, brought about by the bravery and gallant behavior of Ireland's soldiers in South Africa; he spoke of the Queen's promised visit to the Emerald Isle, of the flag flying from the Mansion House, and all these things evoked enthusiastic applause from the audience. Mr. Harold Jarvis was the singer of the evening. He sang some Irish songs with the softest, sweetest touch of a brogue—a perfectly charming Father O'Flynn—and as encores The Absent-Minded Beggar and Another Little Patch of Red, one of the most popular patriotic songs called forth by the war. The upper gallery was filled with students from Ottawa University, and when anything particularly appealed to them they gave the college cheer, something of a war-whoop, which might alarm a person hearing it for the first time. The Earl and Countess of Minto were not at the concert, although it was given under their patronage. As I mentioned last week, there was a dinner on at Government House on Saturday, given partly in honor of St. Patrick and partly in honor of Lady Colebrooke, who spent several days of last week in Ottawa. St. Patrick's part came in in the decorations, which were chiefly shamrocks—great fluffy pots and jars of them. The rest was for Lady Colebrooke.

Who is Lady Colebrooke? you would like to know. She is a smart London woman—all Lady Minto's friends in London are "smart"—tall, dark, with bright complexion, who would certainly be described as good-looking, and by some considered handsome. At a small skating party at Government House last Saturday afternoon, she wore a violet cloth gown, lined with ciel blue silk, with straps of the same shade fastening the Eton coat across a vest of soft white material. She skates well, though without the grace of Lady Minto. Lady Colebrooke is the wife of Sir Edward Arthur Colebrooke, Bart. He sailed from New York one day last week, and she came on to enjoy some Canadian winter at Rideau Hall. They had both been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Whitney in New York for the greater part of the winter. Lady Colebrooke is a daughter of the late Lord Alfred Paget, and a brother of his is married to a Miss Whitney.

The Ottawa branch of the Woman's Art Association has been choosing for itself a new president, to replace Mrs. Hutton, parting with whom not long ago caused the Association so much real sorrow. Its choice has been a wise one, Mrs. Lawrence Drummond, handsome, tactful, clever, artistic. What more could one wish for in the lady president of a Woman's Art Association? Last Friday the new president made her first address to the club, and thanked them very prettily for the honor conferred upon her. There was a large gathering in the studio that afternoon, which was the occasion of the first of a series of "art" talks the Association proposes having this spring. The lecturer, though the interesting address was hardly so formal in character as to be called a lecture, was Colonel Irwin, one of Ottawa's cleverest art amateurs. The Countess of Minto was among the listeners, and she stayed for the nice tea which followed, at which Miss Clayton played her violin and Miss Muriel Burrows sang a pretty song. Mrs. Irwin, Mrs. John Gilmour, Miss Gordon, Miss Thistle and Miss Mallock were the ladies in charge of the tea arrangements. They had a beautiful wealth of pink carnations decorating the tea-table. The Countess of Minto and Mrs. Drummond had both offered prizes to be competed for by the Ottawa branch. To the entire Association a prize is offered by the National Council of Women of Canada for the best design for a card of life membership in the Council.

Lady Davies gave a large afternoon At Home on Tuesday of this week, and on Friday evening Mrs. Borden was the hostess at a musicale. But one of the prettiest entertainments given here recently was a luncheon party on St. Patrick's day at Buena Vista, the handsome residence of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Ahearn. It was a green luncheon, of course, and if there is anything more lovely than green and white for table decoration, I have yet to see it. In the center was fluffed-up white silk around a pot of shamrock, and sprays of shamrock wended their way gracefully over the billows of silk. At either end of this centerpiece were bows of bright green satin ribbon, and through them long-stemmed white carnations were drawn, and white tulips. In tall glasses were white hyacinth and asparagus fern. Bands of green ribbon went down either side of the table, and each lady found at her place a bunch of shamrock, tied with white ribbon, on which her name was written in green and gold. The beautiful china used was green and white, the sweets, bon-bons and the ices were green and white. The guests at this fairy feast were Lady Laurier, Lady Davies, Mrs. S. E. Bronson, Mrs. Herridge, Lady Caron, Mrs. Turner, Lady Bourinot, Mrs. Ganong, Miss Hughes and Miss Fielding. AMARYLLIS.

Byron's Honeymoon.

IT is difficult to believe that the following story, so often repeated, told to so many persons—told not merely, too, in the freshness of anger but in the years long after Byron was dead—could have been pure invention, a mere hallucination. And yet it is a story which in itself seems almost incredible. Here is how Lady Byron told it to Lady Anne Barnard:

They had not been an hour in the carriage which conveyed them from the church, when, breaking into a malignant sneer: "Oh! what a dupe you have been to your imagination. How is it possible a woman of your sense could form the wild hope of reforming me? Many are the tears you will have to shed ere that plan is accomplished. It is enough for me that you are my wife for me to hate you; if you were the wife of any other man, I own you might have charms," etc. I, who listened, was astonished. "How could you go on after this?" "Because I had not a conception he was in earnest; because I reckoned it a bad jest, and told him so—because my opinions of him were very different from his of himself, otherwise he would not find me by his side. He laughed it over when he saw me appear hurt, and I forgot what had passed till forced to remember it."—M.A.P.

Stubb—It's strange how temptations will come before a drinking man.

Penn—Of whom do you speak?

Stubb—Why, Fenwood. He was sitting at the parlor window when an old lady passed with corkscrew curls. I'll be hanged if Fenwood didn't go right down in the cellar and bring up a bottle of French brandy.—Chicago News.

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The Gentle Spring.

HE stands in the restaurant doorway, chewing a toothpick and smiling on the passers-by. He is in "the-world-can-not-harm-me-I-have-dined" condition and quite ready to pass the time of day with all mankind. "Well," says he, "the last lingering doubt has left my mind. I recognize the feel of the air; spring's coming. I can remember distinctly it felt like this last year about this time. So cheer up, old chap. Spring's coming."

"What difference does it make to you whether it's spring or winter?" said I. "You sit inside your office all day and grind away like a machine. What difference do the seasons make to you?"

"I remember what spring was when I was a kid in the country," said he, blinking up at the sky over the roofs across the street. I remember the ice in the creeks breaking up. I mind the way the snow used to sink in the field and on the roads and leave the mud showing up here and there. I remember the tinkle, tinkle of the water running under the ice in the ditches alongside the road. I remember how the sun used to get warm in the middle of the day and a fellow could go without his overcoat and push his hat up off his ears. I remember how the days grew long, and warmer in the middle. I mind the verandah getting slippery about five o'clock, when the water, splashed on it from the drip into the rain-barrel at the corner, used to freeze as the sun got lower. I remember how I used to sit on a box on the sunny side of a shed whittling a stick and letting the sun sink into my pores, when I should've been chopping kindling. Spring doesn't cut much figure with me, you think. I tell you, boy, I just yearn and long for the spring—and me locked up here in a city office. It's a hard pull for me not to kick over the traces when the sun first starts to get warm a bit."

"There's the one o'clock whistle blowing," said I. "By gum, so it is," said he. "I'll have to get a move on or the manager will be back before me."

Down at the Bay you can see them, the factory hands, now that the noon sun has taken the sting out of the wind, printers and clerks and warehouse men staring out over the still-frozen bay, blinking in the sun, and longing for something, doubtless, each one, something, anything, they know not what it is. They hang about the wharves and throw planks and pieces of wood out on the ice. They throw snow at each other, when the other is not looking, and indulge in horse play generally—except for the oldest and grimmest, those with stiff, greyish bristles on their chins, and a seriousness stamped forever on their faces. These stand, pipe in mouth, smoking silently and slowly, gazing at the paleness in the southern sky. Occasionally they remove the pipe to clear the nicotine out of their throats, or glance at the Union Station clock.

"I guess the ice will soon be moving out now," the old machinist will remark, as he presses the ashes down in his pipe with his big calloused finger.

"Soon be out now," the puny little bookkeeper of forty and a family will reply with the utmost cheerfulness. There is nothing between them but this common interest in the spring, this common heartache and yearning for something they cannot explain.

The "general" at forty-six over the way, who receives the munificent reward of five dollars a month and board for drudging from dawn until after dark, shakes her pillow-shams out of the window longer and more vigorously than usual. Then she throws them inside the room somewhere, leans the upper half of her out over the sill and cranes her head to look up at the sky and out over the street. The butcher boy, dragging a basket out of the back of his cart, catches her eye and winks. She smiles all over in an instant. "Watch out you don't fall out of there," says he.

"Wouldn't you catch me?" asks she roguishly.

"I'd certainly make a try, seein' it's you," says the butcher boy, slamming his tail-board and hanging the basket on his arm. He disappears down a side entrance, whistling. The girl hangs out of the window until the sound ceases and then goes back to her work smiling. She is still laboring under the assumption that virtue, plus five dollars a month, is its own reward, nor has she any further prospects for bettering herself. The butcher boy is only a passing incident, and she knows it perfectly well. But the Spring is in her heart, and she sings as she "makes" her beds.

And so it is with us all. In common with every living thing, the promise of spring wells up in us and makes us glad. We look at the future hopefully and shut our eyes to the monotony of the present. It is Nature, deep under our artificiality, calling to us that summer, the time of ease and plenty, is started on its journey northward. And the factory toiler and the city money-grubber, for whom life is apt to be always the labor and sterility of winter, takes comfort, for both are still children of nature in spite of all, and instinct believes what nature tells it.

Army Panics.

AMID the thousand stories of plot and counterplot, of tactical craft standing against bull-dog tenacity and of bravery standing out in lustrous radiance from the naked horror of war, one's thoughts instinctively turn to the reverse side of the picture and the remarkable effects of army panics. It is a fact no less remarkable than agreeable that the war in South Africa, like that with Spain, has so far been happily free from this not very edifying feature.

How an army panic begins, by which process of occult influence the same dominant instinct seizes in the same instant upon every heart in a regiment, or why veterans who under ordinary conditions would walk composedly into the yawning jaws of death will run like so many frightened rabbits in face of a phantom alarm, is one of the psychological problems to which no answer has ever yet been found.

One of the most amazing instances on record is to be found in the accounts of the recent war between China and Japan.

It happened that a Chinese regiment, which had acquitted itself with much distinction during the war, encamped one night within a mile of the Japanese lines. Three days of marching had thoroughly tired the men, who within a few moments after the reveille were lost in a heavy sleep.

Midnight was approaching, when there was heard a yell, a shot, and a cry—"The enemy is at us! The enemy is at us!" and within the next moment the road was filled with a dense mass of pigtailed figures flying in a frenzy of fear from a foe. And then, as by an electric current, the panic struck several other regiments, so that presently one-half the division was in full retreat, and only the superhuman work of the officers stayed them.

In the meantime a small minority of the Chinese troops had formed themselves into line to await the attack of the Japanese. Five, ten, twenty minutes passed without a sign, while the noise of the marching of the Japanese troops grew fainter and fainter, and then the first streaks of dawn showed the rear guard of the Japanese force in full flight. Under the influence of a common fear, the two armies had actually run away from each other in the night.

A historical case of panic may be found in the case of the veterans who had fought through the Peninsular war. It might have been supposed that these soldiers, of all others, were impervious to fear. Nevertheless they ran for their lives from an enemy that existed only in their vivid imagination.

Sir John Moore was dead, but the men who so gloriously upheld the flag were still on the disastrous but dogged retreat from Corunna. Three of the crack regiments—the 50th, the 32nd, and the 24th—lay encamped in a thick wood, under the command of General Crawford. No one ever knew how or why or where the panic started. All that General Crawford could ever tell was that the woods were filled suddenly with half-dressed figures scattering in all directions from a visionary foe.

"Stop, you — cowards—you cowards!" yelled Captain Dalrymple of the 32nd; "the Frenchmen are charging on us." And instantly the brave soldiers, who knew no fear of a living visible foe, formed to "resist cavalry," and the incident ended. Within five minutes the men were back in their tents and fast asleep.

No kind of panic, however, can ever affect the marines or the naval brigade. Long usage in alarms, tangible or groundless, has rendered them impervious to any mysterious influences, occult or otherwise.

If the reader wishes for a stronger illustration of the effect of a semi-superstitious fear upon the nerves of phlegmatic stolid Tommy Atkins, he may turn with much profit to Kipling's delightful story of the rout of the White Hussars, and the comments of the colonel thereat.

A Ballade of Happiness.

(John Ridd, in Harper's Weekly.)

Ale and argument, bread and cheese,
Song and silence and neither best,
Pipes and poetry, toil and ease,
The day for work and the night for rest;
A cheerful sermon; a thoughtful jest;
A friend to follow, a foe to fight,
And a hopeful heart on a hopeless quest:
These are the springs of my delight.

April rain and November skies,
Frost in Autumn and thaw in Spring,
The bare brown fields where the ground-larks rise,
The leathery birches where robins sing;
Daisies to buttercups beckoning
In lanes by the morning breeze blown bright,
And the joy of living that May days bring:
These are the springs of my delight.

A white-capped harbor, a sea-salt gale,
And the thunder-calm scudding across the sky,
Or the breathless calm and the flapping sail
And the lights of the night boat steaming by;
The wind in the trees and the low reply
Of the ripples that break where the shore shows white
Against the shadow that ancient pines raise high:
These are the springs of my delight.

The sweet content of old-time books;
The song of the surf in the strong white sun,
And the little laugh of hidden brooks
That under drooping willows run;
The battles lost and the battles won,
Sunshine at morning, shade at night,
The finished work and the task begun:
These are the springs of my delight.

L'ENVOI.

These are but pleasures, you say, that pall?
You (and you only) shall read aright:
These—and one other more dear than all
—These are the springs of my delight.

Voluntary Slaves and Their Slavery.

READ this, Young Man. What would be the social and economic condition of the United States could another Lincoln issue an Emancipation Proclamation which should sever the ties that bind some millions of white people to their taskmasters, some of whom are suspected, some hated, only a few respected or loved? Quite as much work would remain to be done, and there would be quite as many people competent to do it, but the masters—or employers, if the term be preferred—would be at their wits' end to find workers, and most of the workers would be incompetent to take any places but those which they had already filled and abhorred.

Most men are so incompetent, or so unwilling to seek new surroundings, no matter how bad their circumstances may seem to be, that their condition is literally that of slavery. Not all of them are stupid or devoid of aspiration, and all wish that their condition might be bettered, but they lack the indefinable something that causes a man, no matter how few his abilities or how humble his position, to be in the higher sense his own master. Absolute dependence on their employers for the time being is the condition of the great majority of the employed, and reluctance and inability to work in any other place or for any other man is a common confession of all classes of workers; and almost as common is a willingness to remain in whatever position they chance to be.

It is currently supposed that vacancies in the higher departments of any business can easily be filled from the men below, but employers know to their sorrow that this is not true. That a man does stated, automatic work for stated wages, and does it well, too, does not necessarily imply that he has ever given a thought to the duties of the position next above him, much though he would like the higher position's pay. It is a common complaint of men in mills, stores and offices of all kinds, that frequently some "rank outsider" who has not been long at the business gets the best position that becomes vacant. Yet what are employers to do?

A few weeks ago a large business corporation in New York suddenly needed a head clerk for a room containing about fifty other clerks, about half of whom had been in the same room for several years, and all of whom did their work sufficiently well. The abilities of each of the fifty were fairly canvassed, for it was greatly desired that the new head clerk should be a man who already knew the members of the working staff, but in the end one of the "rank outsider" class had to be chosen. Doubtless some of the men in the room had the necessary ability, but they had never displayed it in the office; as the general manager



The Brother—Shall I stick her for a lump sum, or hold it over her as a perpetual menace?—Life.



MR. W. D. H.
LIFE'S CARICATURE (CAMERAS OF PROFOUND PERSONS, OR
MODERN MUGS MODELLED IN MUD.)

said: "None of them ever manifested special interest in anything but pay-day."

The same corporation issued a general notice, more than a year ago, that suggestions on improving any department of the business would be welcomed from any employee, and, if used, would be paid for liberally. From seven hundred clerks, none of whom is a fool, only five suggestions had been received before the present year began, yet in the same period the clerks had indulged in hundreds of complaints to one another, any one of which had in it the basis of a practical business suggestion.

According to employers, similar stories might be told about the working force of almost any house in the land. Unconsciously, yet absolutely, most men who work for wages are as dependent on their employers as were the Southern slaves on their masters. Most of them are honest and industrious; some are of high moral character, but their interest is so fixed upon what they get that they have little to spare for what they do; therefore, they never increase their value to their employers or to themselves. Many of them think, and rightly, that they are the superiors, mentally, of the men above them; but nothing is hit by the bullet that is never fired, nor did anything but trouble ever come of the talent that was hid in a napkin. When, through changes of business, such men lose their places, they are as helpless as the slave who has lost his master. If their condition is not that of voluntary slavery, what is it?—John Habberton, in Saturday Evening Post.

The Power of Smiling.

EVERYBODY hasn't got it, or, if they have, they don't let their neighbors know it. Some people can only grin. Of course a grin is better any day than a scowl, but, after all, it's only a parody on a smile. There are smiles and smiles, (there are persons who prefer them with herbs), but smiling, oh, that's something one can scarcely see too often, unless you spend your life going to funerals. Now, a smile may mean many things, or only one, it doesn't by any means always give itself away, although there is a kind, and it's fairly numerous, which makes you long to give yourself and all your worldly goods to the owner thereof. Life is full of strange influences, strangest among which is this indescribable parting of the lips. All animals can open their mouths; human beings only can smile. True, with some persons a smile is dodo-like in its rarity, with others almost monotonous in repetition, but its power is unquestionable.

Two of the best-known historical characters entirely owe their notoriety to this benign movement of the upper and lower lips. However remote a man may dwell from the great centers of thought and learning, he will probably have read of the hardened ruffian who was disarmed by a smile, and his first cousin, the man who never smiled again. It is difficult to explain a smile, even harder to catch it. Photographers will bear me out in this, so will painters and sculptors like everything that suggests happiness in this world, it is difficult to make it permanent.

I never much believed in that monument, "Smiling at grief." A smile never suggests patience, and it is only a ghost of one that would plant itself in the face of sorrow. The real genuine kind reserves itself for human beings, we creatures who need them so much. It's a possession that lots of millionaires can't get, although I've no doubt hard practical people will say I don't know the power of money when I say that. Well, perhaps I don't, but sometimes one must quote from the goody-good books that never by any chance let rich people have any real friends, but at any rate many a girl has a smile that's worth millions to her.

Young women with lofty aspirations should ponder over this. Vere-de-Vere's look splendid in poetry and amateur theatricals, but they've no chance by the side of the girl who can smile. You see the latter suggests happiness, and, as that is what everyone wants in this world, they try to get the young woman who appears to have found it. Melancholy and sighs went out with Byron. True, we have the bicycle expression, but that's a facial excrescence, and it doesn't signify, because when one's wheeling one doesn't need anything else, but at the end of the ride it's another thing. Alas! that so many of us looking for smiling approval of our little exploits on wheels and off them, get something else. We shouldn't worry too much, however; we should remember how much easier it is for a good many people to sneer.

—J. M. Loes.

The Next Pope and Fulfilment of Prophecy.

IT by no means follows that because Leo XIII. has designated Cardinal Gotti as his successor to the Papacy the latter will fill the chair of St. Peter at the death of the present occupant. Yet if there is any credence to be attached to the prophecies made by the Irish Archbishop, St. Malachy, eight hundred years ago, predictions which may be said to have been fulfilled in the case of every other Pontiff who has occupied the chair of St. Peter since that time, Cardinal Gotti is assuredly destined, to be the next Pope. St. Malachy did not, of course, predict the names of the various Pontiffs, but a species of motto for each. Taking the Popes of the present century alone, St. Malachy prophesied the motto "Peregrinus Apostolicus" (Apostolic Pilgrim) for the first of the number—namely, Pius VI., whose exile and wanderings are well recalled, and who died a prisoner of France at Dijon.

The motto predicted for the next Pope was "Aquila Rapax" (Rapacious Eagle), and Pius VII. not only had a black eagle on his family coat of arms, but likewise had much to suffer from the Emperor Napoleon, who instituted the eagle as the emblem of Imperial France. Another motto was that of "De Balneis Etruriae" (from the baths of Tuscany). This was applied to Pope Gregory XVI., who was a Tuscan. For his successor, St. Malachy prophesied "Crux de Cruce" (Cross from the Cross), and there is no Pontiff in modern ages who has been called upon to face so much disaster as Pius IX., who, after suffering exile and many misfortunes, was finally deprived of the possession of the Eternal City and of his temporal sovereignty. "Lumen de Coelo" was predicted by St. Malachy for his successor.

The First Sleeping-Car.

AFTER thirty-eight years of useful existence, the first modern sleeping-car has lately been condemned and broken up into junk. Long ago, in the later forties, George M. Pullman happened to be travelling at night on the New York Central road. The interior of the "sleeper" of those days resembled the hold of a canal-boat, with its three rows of berths on either side of the aisle.

The car jolted and rattled, and Pullman could not sleep. All that night he lay awake thinking, and in the morning he had the idea of a modern sleeping-car pretty well in his mind.

However, he had neither time nor capital to work out his plan. For years he kept on at his railroad work, but in 1858 he transformed several day coaches on the Chicago & Alton road into sleeping cars, embodying his plans. But the result was not satisfactory, for the jolting, although greatly lessened, still interfered with a good night's rest.

It was necessary to build a sleeper from bottom to top. Pullman risked his fortune on his judgment. Securing the services of an excellent master mechanic, he furnished plans and eighteen thousand dollars for the building of a car. Railroad men thought him a fool frittering away his money, and when he announced that he proposed to charge two dollars for a berth, instead of the old "fifty cents a bunk," the officers of the road told him his car would go empty.

But the "Pioneer," as the new car was called, prospered. The berths were eagerly sought after, and people began to clamor more and more against the old "rattlers." Other sleepers were built on the new lines, and soon Pullman began to make money rapidly.

In 1865 the Pioneer came east for the first time, to return with the funeral cortege of Abraham Lincoln. So wide was the new car that several depot platforms along the route had to be cut away.

The Pioneer introduced in elementary forms most of the features of the sleepers now in use. Seldom has a car been more solidly built. For many years it travelled more than fifty thousand miles annually, and its total mileage was more than forty times the circumference of the globe. Good work paid, as it always does.—Youth's Companion.

A Touch of Trouble.

CAPTAIN RANKIN, of the Galatea, storm-tossed on Long Island Sound, hated Captain Frazier, of the Norwalk, a rival boat, and Captain Frazier hated him. A writer in Forward tells how the enemies suddenly became friends. The storm, it appears, had broken the Galatea's shaft.

The ships came within hailing distance.

"Shall we speak the Norwalk, sir?" asked the second officer.

"Not if we can help it, sir," responded the skipper.

But the indecision on the Galatea was dismissed by a zigzag signal coming from the Norwalk's mainmast.

"What's the trouble?" it read.

Then the Galatea signalled the reply, "Shaft broken—unmanageable."

"Shall I take off your passengers and crew?" asked the Norwalk.

"Can't tell yet," was the reply.

The next sentence that glimmered from the Norwalk's signal-lights furnished the inspiration for a hymn that has been sung all over Christendom.

It was, "I'll stand by until the morning—subject to your command."

The next night the two rivals rode into port together, the disabled Galatea being towed by the belated Norwalk.

After their passengers and cargoes had been discharged, Captain Rankin walked over to the Norwalk's pier, where Captain Frazier was giving orders.

"Goin' up-town, Fraz?" he asked.

"B'lieve I am, Rankin," answered Frazier.

So the two grizzled sea-dogs, who had not spoken to each other for years, strolled up-town arm in arm, firmly re-establishing a friendship so long endangered by business rivalry.

Major Hume and the Frenchman.

A MODEST volume has been recently added to the series, The Story of the Nations, by Martin Hume, and few of his readers know that he is the famous Major Hume, of the Third Battalion of the Essex (English) Regiment. His book is The History of Modern Spain. The Major was educated in Madrid, is a Knight of the Spanish Order of Isabel, and was once entrusted by Spain to edit some important State papers. He is a man of many parts, and, besides being a British soldier, has been attached to both the Spanish and Turkish armies. He was present, as an attaché, in the Turkish army during the battle of Lom. The Major's bluntness is a matter of comment at the Devonshire Club, in London, of which he is a prominent member. He was interrupted in an earnest conversation with a Member of Parliament upon a vital question by a visiting Frenchman, who alluded unpleasantly to Parliament, the English people, and also Americans.

"You Frenchmen always look at things superficially," retorted the Major hotly.

"Yes, Major," replied the Frenchman candidly, "you are right. Frenchmen represent politeness, suavity and courteousness, and they seldom tell the truth, for the truth is almost always unpleasant. I am frank enough to confess that this is the first time that I have ever told the truth."

"I accept your explanation," said the Major blandly; "I can quite believe you."—Saturday Evening Post.

Horse Phrenology.

HORSE phrenology is the latest discovery of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons of England. According to Harold Leeney, a member of the college, it is easy to tell a horse's character by the shape of his nose. If there is a gentle curve to the profile, and at the same time the ears are pointed and sensitive, it is safe to bank on the animal as gentle and at the same time high spirited. If, on the other hand, the horse has a dent in the middle of the nose it is equally safe to set him down as treacherous and vicious. The Roman-nosed horse is certain to be a good animal for hard work and safe to drive, but he is apt to be slow. A horse with a slight concavity in the profile will be scary and need coaxing. A horse that droops his ears is apt to be lazy as well as vicious. Hard work will sometimes make a horse which started out properly let his ears drop.

Had Heard It Before.

Children have long memories and are not easily deceived a second time. Thus the Post-Dispatch reports the discomfiture of a St. Louis mother who took her five-year-old son to the photographer's, being particularly anxious to get some good pictures.

The child's idea of the affair, however, seemed not to harmonize with that of his mother; for when the man with the camera began to adjust the lens and direct it toward little Edward, that young person set up a howl.

In vain did his mother do her best to quiet him. Edward did not want his picture taken.

"Why, my child," she said, soothingly, "the gentleman won't hurt you! Just smile and keep still a moment, and it will be all over before you know it."

"Yes, I know, mamma," whimpered Edward, with the tears running down his cheeks, "but that's what you told me at the dentist's!"

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Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Tuesday, Apr. 10, 10 a.m.
Lahn, Tuesday, Apr. 17, 10 a.m.
Kaiserin Marie Theresia, Tuesday, Apr. 24, 10 a.m.
Saale, Tuesday, May 1, 10 a.m.
Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Tuesday, May 8, 10 a.m.
New York, Cherbourg, Southampton, Bremen.
Darmstadt, Thursday, Mar. 29, 10 a.m.
Friedr. der Grosse, Thursday, Apr. 5, 10 a.m.

MEDITERRANEAN GIBRALTAR

NAPLES, GENOA
Alber, March 31; Kms, April 7; Werra, April 14; Kaiser Wm. II., April 21; Trave, April 28.

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Boiler in Sleeping Cars.

This is what you find in the sleeper which runs between Toronto and New York via the Canadian Pacific and New York Central. Any kind of a chop, steak, or chicken can be served from the buffet on short notice. Patrons of this line will appreciate this as a step in the right direction.

Anecdotal.

Sir Algernon West's Recollections contains this amusing anecdote. A man at election time tried to sell some kittens with blue Tory ribbons on, and failed. The next day he tried to sell them with yellow Liberal ribbons on. "Why," said some one, "they were Tories yesterday!" "Yes," he said, "but their eyes are opened since then, and they have become Liberals."

Prince Hohenzollern is a strong advocate of Emperor William's scheme for a great ship canal which will connect the interior of Germany with the ocean. In discussing the subject with one of the agrarian nobles, who opposes the project, the latter said: "Your excellency, you will find the opposition to be a rock in the path of your canal." The prince's eyes twinkled as he retorted: "We'll imitate the Prophet Moses, smite the rock, and then the water will flow."

A member of the Episcopal Church tells of a young woman who was buying her Christmas gifts and had succeeded in getting a suitable present for everybody on her list except two aged relatives, one a maiden lady and the other a widow. She told the patient clerk her trials, and he showed her nearly everything in stock, and finally took her to the book counter, showed her the books, and said: "Would something religious suit?" "Oh, no," she hastily replied. "They are Episcopalians."

At a recent dinner given by a prominent club a man who is unusually

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young for the prominence he has won in his chosen field, rose to respond for the first time in a certain city to a toast. His beardless face was flushed and his manner embarrassed. In hesitating tones he began: "Gentlemen: Before I entered this room I had an excellent speech prepared. Only God and myself knew what I was going to say. Now God alone knows." And he sat down.

Mr. Harry Morse is one of the old school of Californian controversialists. He was a cow-county sheriff in the romantic days when red shirts were fashionable and shooting-irons lent picturesqueness to brigandish costumes. He used to chase desperadoes with a double-barreled shot-gun. He gave Three-fingered Jack his sobriquet by shooting off a section of his hand, and he captured the desperadoes Vasquez and Black Bart. He was called a liar recently by The Call, a newspaper of San Francisco. When asked why he had never taken any action in the matter his reply was: "Well, the day that that appeared in The Call I was kept busy preventing Callund from shooting John D. Spreckels, and the next day it slipped my mind."

New Occupations for Women.

Amuser and Occasional Secretary—One of War's Blessings—The Closed Churches.

TO men the greater power to do, to women the greater faculty of devising how to do easiest the work of life. One has only to study the daily household round, ever varying in degree, overlapping in little things, adaptable, adding to the masculine mind, to agree that, though men are stronger, women make up for weakness by patient contrivance and a method which would drive men to madness. Fancy a man getting five children ready for school in the morning. See a woman, "a la" Father O'Flynn, checking the crazy ones, soothing onaisy ones, and sometimes in dire straits, and the last moment, coaxing the lazy ones on with a stick. The man would serve them all alike, and the service would probably send 'em all on their way howling.

The ingenuity of women is being strikingly evidenced these days by their discovery of glaring long-felt wants which no one has heretofore seriously considered, and their promptness in devising ways and means of supplying themselves to fill the need of their neighbors. Several of these ingenious women have come under my notice this season. First I ran across the "Amuser." This is a bright, cheerful young woman, learned enough to talk upon all long-gone-by or up-to-date matters likely to interest an aged or temporarily invalidated or chronically affected person of either sex. Everyone realizes that the blessing of having grandpa or grandma a member of our household involves a certain tie to the family, and often one hears a little regret in the tone of mother or father or the best natured child, when they decline to join some gay party because the old lady or gentleman cannot be left alone at home. Then comes in the peripatetic Amuser! Does grandma knit? She is shown a fascinating new stitch. Is she fond of music? The Amuser plays old or new tunes for her or sings ballads of yesterday, or coon songs of to-day. Does grandma like the news? The Amuser arms herself with the dailies and gives him Bobs till he drops asleep. She plays dominoes or checkers or chess with him, talks to him, and laughs at his stories; makes his punch and fills his pipe, and grandma and grandpa hope the family will accept engagements "en masse" with perfectly free minds, so that the "Amuser" may brighten their happy solitude. A dollar an hour she rakes in for her work, and she is a real person, residing in Toronto.

Another woman has started a Secretarial Room, where all sorts of writing may be done, such as getting invitations out for teas, making up visitors' books, writing dinner invitations, sending P. C. cards, and so on. Ladies may have a secretary at their homes, for a small fee, and system and experience will be at the service of the woman newly launched into society, house-keeping, or entertaining in a strange city. Fancy the comfort such a secretary will be to her who sits blankly gazing at a wagon-load of visiting cards, and realizing that from these is to be made up a visiting book which, like the Bank of England, must make no mistakes. The Toronto Secretarial Offices tackle even such a problem as this with calm assurance of success, and as the lady who has evolved the notion remarks, it is intended for the accommodation of persons who have more money than energy, a condition which exactly fits the reverse one of the clever young people ready to meet it. I shall be very glad to supply the address of this new enterprise to any ladies who find themselves in need of its services, and am sure they will be of great use.

The good out of evil, which gave us the happy hours of last Saturday, when by Royal mandate the Irish people had an extra good time, is the first fruit of the war which makes itself felt pleasantly. And what a sober exultation sat in every Irish heart, entirely independent of potheen, and rivalry, and faction feeling, and all the incentives to jubilation which have heretofore ruled on the day of blessed St. Patrick. The heart, not the head, of the people, was touched, and in

that case it is always right with Ireland. And every one of us had his sprig of that wonderful wee thing, with its associations so holy and so tender, and out of the debris of that Irish trip last year I exhumed a scrap of the blessed weed which was once part of an Antrim hillside, and which never thought in its three little minds that the good Queen herself would set it in my hat! And sometimes I thought of Baby in her sturdy Protestantism, and again of a certain young Donegal priest, for whom she has a great admiration, and whom she spilled off his bicycle on a Sunday with great force and promptitude the first hour I ever saw her, and of the beauty of the sea and land, loch and tarn, and mountain purple and gold, and little black-faced sheep and small tattered gossamers (boys, by your leave!) and shy little bare-footed colleens who said, "Thank yer honor!" for pence, and little brown sods of turf built up to dry; and oh! what's the use of talking, and they all across the ocean? If only 'twas walking now to it, or cycling, and not so cruel far!

A letter came the other day from a woman who wants to know why the Protestant churches are not kept open on week-days in Toronto. She says she often wants to spend an hour in meditation and prayer, and likes the atmosphere and associations of the church about her, and actually has been obliged to betake herself to a Romish place of worship because she has been shut out of Protestant ones on week-days. Same way here, my dear lady, and many a peaceful and helpful hour I have spent in that quiet church up north with the pillars and the "Gloria" over its entrance. I am also Protestant, and that is a "Romish" place of worship. I fancy the opening of our churches would exact the paid services of a sexton or caretaker, while there is always a brother ready for voluntary service in the Roman Catholic churches; and I think probably the Vestry find more than enough to do with their funds as it is. This occurs to me as a reason why our churches are not kept open, and also perhaps the people have not felt the need of that peaceful hour you and I love so well.

LADY GAY.

A Woman's Advice

To Sufferers From Nervousness and Headaches.

Mrs. Robins, of Port Colborne, Tells How She Found a Cure and Asserts the Relief That the Same Remedy Will Cure Other Sufferers.

Mrs. Daniel Robins, of Port Colborne, Ont., is one of those who believe that when a remedy for disease has been found, it is the duty of the person benefited to make it known, in order that other sufferers may also find the road to renewed health. Mrs. Robins says: "In the spring of 1897 my health gave way and I became completely prostrated. Nervousness, palpitation of the heart, and severe headaches were the chief symptoms. The nervous trouble was so severe as to border almost upon St. Vitus' dance. The least exertion, such as going up stairs for example, would leave me almost breathless, and my heart would palpitate violently. My appetite was very fickle and I was much reduced in flesh. The usual remedies were tried, but did not help me, and eventually I became so weak that I was unable to perform my household duties, and the headaches I suffered from at times made me feel as though my head would burst. I was feeling very discouraged when a cure in a case much resembling mine through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills came to my notice, and I decided to give them a trial. After using two boxes I found so much relief that I was greatly rejoiced to know that I had found a medicine that would cure me. I continued using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills until I had taken eight or nine boxes, when I considered my cure complete. The palpitation of the heart, nervousness and headaches had disappeared; my appetite was again good, and I had gained in weight nicely. I regard myself as completely restored, and I would urge other women suffering as I did to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial, and I am sure they will have equally good reason to sound their praise."

There are thousands of women throughout the country who suffer as Mrs. Robins did, who are pale, subject to headaches, heart palpitation and dizziness, who drag along frequently feeling that life is a burden. To all such we would say give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial. These pills make rich, red blood, strengthen the nerves, bring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks, and make the feeble and despondent feel that life is once more worth living. The genuine are sold only in boxes, the wrapper bearing the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." May be had from all dealers or by mail at 50c. a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Another Story of Kitchener.

At the beginning of the Omdurman campaign General Kitchener sent to the home authorities for some special kind of breaching guns. The home authorities immediately suggested another kind, but the Sirdar replied, saying he preferred those he had suggested. Shortly afterwards, however, he was informed that the guns the War Office had preferred were being sent out to him, whereupon he des-

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BY MARY JOHNSTON

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patched a polite message to the authorities saying he thanked them, but they could keep their guns, as he could throw stones at the Derivishes himself. After that the guns he asked for were sent with as little delay as possible.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

Tito Melema.—It is fitful, ambitious, dominant, conservative, cautious and careful in intercourse, but not equally wary in speech. Writer needs culture, and broadening of sympathies.

Mercedes.—And so you think I'm a jolly sort of fellow, do you? Thanks for your good wishes, which I heartily reciprocate. Your writing is simply ruled by that ribbed paper, and I must ask you for a better study, my dear Queen!

Romola.—A very careful, almost mistrustful and somewhat humorous person, cheerful, artistic and imaginative. The ideas are a bit jerky, and the mind, while truthful and honest, prone to work on peculiar lines. There is force and cleverness in it.

Jack.—"Ask me no more," etc., occurs in Tennyson's Princess, in the sixth part. These words have been set to music several different times. Your Canadian sentiments are very apropos just now. Your writing is good, and with time will be a great deal better.

Psyche.—Dear little butterfly, you're rushing the season. Your writing shows care and design, method and rather impulsive feeling. You think clearly and consecutively, are independent for so feminine a person, hopeful, breezy and withal practical. A little pride is shown and much amenability and grace.

Janie B.—It's a good thing to find a personality fond of a good time and of dominating and emphatic disposition. You can always make the best of circumstances, and get your own personality recognized. The temperament is not calm and patience is a neglected virtue. Writer may be a hero worshipper, but in affairs of sentiment would probably have a clear and level head.

Leonore.—Every week someone writes that they have missed their delineation and asks for another. Don't you think they're rather unreasonable? If I got your study, it was given proper attention in its turn; you do not even say what your former nom de plume was, so that I could look it up. Your very well put-together study proclaims you too clever a woman to be so inconsiderate, but I dare say you didn't realize the way it looks to me.

Archie Scott.—What do I think of cranks who contend that we've entered another century? Oh, Archie, boy, I don't think of them except with a wondrous sympathy and fellow-feeling, for, although I see clearly the end of the present century, I have been rattled so often on dates and figures! And so you and the Irishman are fighting over it. And I am writing you on the blessed St. Patrick's own day! Well, if you must fight—God send you both the victory!

Teddy.—I wish you well in your winter and spring quarters in Florida. Be off out of them before old yellow Jack wakes up, my dear, or you'll not be where you'll see this answer, maybe! 2. Your writing shows refined and susceptible traits. You are somewhat ambitious to excel, rather nervous, and have a good self-esteem. Your youth probably accounts for the lack of reserve sometimes shown. There are artistic and appreciative curves in your writing, and you are careful and in some ways able.

Eliza.—I wonder what you would say if I told you your greatest weakness was lack of self-respect? I fancy I see you flush and protest. But it has not anything to do with the grosser and more obvious morality; it's something which goes much deeper. You are not careful to do things as well as you can, therefore you give others the impression that you lack the power to do them perfectly; a slipshod sentence, a lazy and careless deduction, a half-thought-out opinion, are good enough, though you know of better. It is a crime not to do oneself justice—to sit against the power that is in one. There are so many possible virtues in your hand, which I should be glad to

note, only you ask me to confine myself to your faults. With your independent, forceful and original nature, you might easily be a much finer character than you are.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box.

The Queen's Sorrow.

From the moment of the first battle in South Africa the Queen set up an album for the reception of portraits of officers killed in the war. In each case Her Majesty asked the relatives of those who had fallen for these photographs, and, unfortunately, the number rapidly reached a high figure. There is every reason to fear that the album will eventually form a very thick volume.

A Man Killer

Fierce and Ravenous, is Diabetes, which Defies all Medicines

Except Dodd's Kidney Pills, the Only Remedy on Earth That Removes the Cause of the Disease—Dodd's Kidney Pills Never Fail.

Quebec, P.Q., March 19.—There are certain diseases that sap the brain, and dry up the springs of life, besides undermining the strength.

Diabetes is such a disease. Its symptoms are great thirst, failing sight, dry mouth, coated tongue, paleness, numbness in the thighs, pains or aches in the loins, or small of the back, increase of urine, sugar in the urine.

Any one, or two, seldom more, of these appear in the same case. Diabetes is caused by poison in the blood.

Poison gets into the blood through defective action of the kidneys, which should filter it out.

Heal and strengthen the kidneys and they will cleanse the blood. Then Diabetes will vanish.

Dodd's Kidney Pills are the only medicine on earth that can cure Diabetes. They are the only medicine that can cure the kidneys.

Here is proof: Mr. Sam Desrochers, of 167 St. John street, Quebec, says:

"I have suffered with Diabetes for five years.

"My feet were always cold. I had pains in my loins, and a terrible thirst. "I tried a dozen remedies before I heard of Dodd's Kidney Pills. They all failed to relieve me.

"Five boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me completely. To-day I am well and strong."

Reader! Have you any of the symptoms above? If you have, you have Diabetes, and nothing on earth but Dodd's Kidney Pills can cure you.

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Free Lessons in Silk Work. Messrs. Hemmingsway & Sons, the large manufacturers of Art Embroidery Silks, are giving free lessons in silk work at their Canadian agency, 52 Bay street, Toronto. Samples of some of the finest silk work in America are on exhibition at their offices. Phone 144. 52 Bay Street.

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Studio and Gallery

THE interest in the Ontario Society of Artists' Exhibition is greater this year than previously, and many more people than usual find the gallery a very delightful place to spend a couple of hours. Those who have visited it several times know that on each visit something different has impressed them, something perhaps unnoticed before. We are convinced of some new merit, and perhaps also of some new demerit. The work of Miss Hawley, for instance, improves upon more prolonged contemplation, and the flat, broad, sketchy, semi-colorless masses shape themselves into greater lucidity and intelligence. The landscape of Edmund Morris, which has a sky of such luminousness and strength and aerialness, improves also with study; and its strength and richness of color, its intelligent and artistic composition, with its purple shadowed foreground, and paler middle distance, faintly illuminated by the reflected light from the sky, grow upon one. The little bit of greenery of O. P. Staples which he gives in The Brook, shows a handling of greens with judicious restriction and harmonious and mild



A LOBSTER CATCHER, BY R. F. GAGEN

effect. Miss Carlyle's flower garden also yields unflinching pleasure. Broad, simple bands of color, a few well-outlined shapes of plants, and a gathering of objects in the foreground to keep the eye on the main subject, form the composition. The low relief is also worth study. We would gladly welcome more such. W. Cutts has not given better work to public view, and his forest is very attractive in color and arrangement. When F. M. Bell-Smith displays only mountain tops enfolded in mists, and glistening with snow amid purple shadows, we look with delight. An artist who attempts to paint a market place is courageous, especially if it is buying time, but W. Spiers has succeeded very well with this difficult subject. We appreciate the feeling of nature, of W. Robins' work, with all its purple, and could conceive of one having such a painting constantly at hand and never wearying of it, which is the testing quality in a picture. G. Chavignaud's Grey Day is a gem, although we do not appreciate the influence of grey days. They have a lot to answer for in the way of suicide and such like. The little scrap of R. F. Gagen's, skied almost into the clouds, contains more in suggestion, and also in composition, than any of his larger pictures. Study reveals how much is in it. J. T. Rolph's strong point is sensible and methodical composition, and an orderly arrangement of the forms and objects of a scene. They are always lucid—always have the quality of being quite comprehensible.

For our art organizations, to keep in touch with each other and in sympathetic operation, is only what might be expected of reasonable mortals, and it is a creed essential to anyone professing the general good. We find it difficult to believe in the disinterested philanthropy of the destructionist or the divisionist. So we believe all the more in the School Art League when we see it willing and anxious to perpetrate and cement its relation to the leading art organization here, the organization which helped it on its feet, the Ontario Society of Artists. An evening has been arranged a week from Saturday, we understand, for the Art League to visit the gallery, and we expect a hearty response from the League to the Society's invitation.

At the meeting for preliminary steps towards an Art Museum, several state-

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ments were made comparing Toronto public-spiritedness with that of other cities near at home and farther off. We will not repeat these statements, because they are not pretty, and because some of us have heard them before. And it may be, as a prominent gentleman said there also, that busy merchants think people who discourse about art or any other subject not material, are "joking." Montreal was pointed at as being ahead of Toronto in art sympathy. For general sympathy with art, and closer touch with it, Toronto is ahead of Montreal. Montreal possesses collections unknown in Toronto, and possession breeds the desire to possess. But we think such possession is confined to an exclusively small number, and that Montreal is not, as a city, as generally permeated with art feeling as Toronto. When a dealer brings good works to Montreal, however, he generally succeeds in disposing of them. Ten large Constables were sold there in the last month. We do not hear of such a collection being even offered to Toronto. An English firm had also recently a lot of good pictures at the Windsor, one an important Romney. It is said this firm intends opening a branch in Canada, so that Montreal's penchant for buying pictures has evidently appealed to the sympathy of outside dealers. The pre-

ever more charming collars and cuffs, etc., than emerged from the hands of those same grandmothers? A new application, of course, of this lovely art is made in these days, but, new or old, embroidery is woman's craft, and will, to her, never cease to be fascinating. Miss Samuel's table cover was a sample of lovely shading and evenness of stitch. Wood-carving promises to be more than an amusement. It will be eminently practical, and perhaps we shall be yet freed from the hideous machine-carved flowers, etc., we see in modern furniture.

"Do you know," said a small urchin in a red jersey, well earned, to the credit of his artistic mother he said, "I would rather sit in that chair, pointing to a comfortably upholstered large arm-chair, 'than that,' indicating a hand-carved hall chair with a protuberance in the center of the back. 'My boy,' said I, 'so would I.'"

Metal work is also fascinating, and repays effort. It has a worthy past. Pyrography supplies charming panels, screens, frames, etc. Rather one square inch of such work indicative of personal manipulation and human intelligence than acres of machine ornamentation. A dress is to be seen painted with clusters of sweet briars, after the fashion of more ancient embroidery, a charm of naturalness that makes one sigh over the present system by which ladies are clothed en masse, by contract, as it were. No Canadian will ever carve ivory like a Japanese. We would have to sacrifice our doctrine of predestination to believe that; and that we won't do, not for all the fans ever waved gently before the face of fair lady or accidentally dropped at the feet of gallant gentleman. Our grandmothers knew the gentle art of using a fan. It served many purposes, and fixed many destinies. Let's have fans, by all means, especially if they are to be like those at the Woman's Art Association Exhibition.

JEAN GRANT.

For Children's Colds, Croup or Whooping Cough

You Will Find Griffiths' Menthol Liniment, Taken Internally, and Applied to the Chest and Back Between the Shoulders, Superior to Any Other Remedy.

Mrs. Jas. Sutton, of McNab street N., Hamilton, writes: Last winter our boy Edward had kept us awake several nights with a hacking cough. Cough mixtures did not relieve him. One night, when putting him to bed, we gave him several drops of Griffiths' Menthol Liniment on sugar, and rubbed his chest. He did not cough that night, and in less than two days, with continued treatment, was completely cured.

Griffiths' Menthol Liniment is a pure emulsion of Menthol and is the only non-poisonous liniment made, 25 and 75 cents.

Book Notes.

THE Preparation of Ryerson Embury, bound in khaki and lettered in military scarlet, is good outside and in. Ryerson, the young Canadian student, strides into the book on his way to a revival service, where the sight of a small Canadian belle, warming her toes, and the quite incidental anxiety about his soul attract him and tempt him from a "cram" for college exams. The picture is interesting, and the scheme of the book new, and anyone who has known Canadian college life and the girl and boy of the young Dominion will recognize a curious faithfulness to and flavor of the land we live in, a not ungrateful thing if temptingly set forth. The experiences of Embury simply lead him to the point whence his outlook is broad, sympathetic and tolerant, but this is not attained without a renouncing of old connections and a bursting of old bottles, such as marks many a youthful experience. The relations of Embury and his refined little lady-love Grace are delicately handled; the reader does not, perhaps, quite take in the tact and cleverness of the handling until after the book is finished. The strong attractive personality of the Irish tavern-keeper's daughter, with her sense, her ambition and her possibilities for good or ill, is a vital and impressive character study. Embury's father had, says the author, "the appearance of a man wearing a character several sizes too large for him." That is a nice description of a certain type of small man made of good stuff. The contrast of Parson "Tommy Tracy" and Parson Arthur Drake Walters, is another clever little thing of seeming unconsciousness. The final step made by Embury is dramatically presented, and the book does not see his finish, but leaves us quite ready to welcome a sequel concerning the work to which his preparation led up. "The Preparation of Ryerson Embury" is published by the Publishers' Syndicate, 51 Yonge street, Toronto. The author is Albert R. Carman.

Of Kipling's collected works of early days "From Sea to Sea," Quill, in the London Illustrated News, says: "They show the making of the man who has made the world listen to him. Literature they certainly are not. They are life—full-blooded, vigorous, rushing life. Slangy, slipshod, vulgar, if you will, but brimful with capacity and zest. They are like the plunge of a boy into the world on a first term holiday. Everything he sees is of interest. Everything must be seen, handled, and understood. There is nothing perfunctory about this special correspondent. Every day is new to him, every incident has its meaning, every man he meets must stand and deliver his experiences. There is so much to

do, he has not time to choose his words. The first expressive phrase that comes into his mind will serve: 'I Gladstoned him,' is one. These articles are indeed a writer in the making. Again and again there are hints, things seen, things heard, things felt, that have matured in his mind, and been used afterwards in story and verse. And yet there are people who will call these volumes horrid, as there are charming women who gather up their skirts when Walt Whitman is mentioned. Well, life is not all pink teas and Chopin."

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The Petroleum Idea!

The Great Grip Remedy

La Grippe is epidemic again. The intense suffering caused by this disease, the slow and often imperfect recovery, as well as the large number of deaths, suggests more than ordinary care in anticipating and preventing it. Of the numerous remedies that were first used in the treatment of grip, many have fallen into disfavor. Of those that are now prescribed we believe none has established a firmer hold on the medical profession than

Angier's Petroleum Emulsion

because of its soothing and healing qualities. As a preventive it should be taken upon the slightest appearance of a cough or cold. Taken freely during the disease itself, it will soothe the cough and inflamed throat, and relieve the congested lungs. This is what the New York Herald has to say editorially, in its issue of last Tuesday, regarding the present epidemic:

THE TYPE OF THE PREVAILING GRIP (From the New York Herald)

Although grip prevailed in mild form during the late autumn months, it has now taken on an unmistakably virulent type in the extent and character of its new invasion. During the last fortnight thousands who have escaped heretofore have been stricken and the disease is plainly epidemic over a very wide section of country. The rural districts suffer equally with the cities, and even the so-called health resorts are not without their numerous victims. The radical and sudden climatic changes are doubtless leading causative elements in effecting this marked change from an almost phenomenal healthfulness to a widely prevailing sickness.

The type of the disease is essentially catarrhal, and chiefly manifests itself in inflammatory affections of the membranes of the nose, throat and upper air passages. The attack is quite sudden, and there is generally a high temperature, with pain in the forehead, hacking and irritative cough, with general muscular pains and associated prostration.

Fortunately, unlike previous epidemics, the seizure is short lived, although quite severe, but, on the other hand, it is followed by a comparatively longer period of general weakness, with the attendant danger of serious lung complications. The latter condition is what may be naturally expected at this particular season, when pneumonia troubles are always especially prevalent. This fact should carry with it enough of significance to counteract a general feeling of indifference for what is usually considered a very common and harmless affection.

It must be said in this connection that most of the fatal issues are due to careless exposure during the progress of the malady and the neglect of proper treatment of the different symptoms. "It is only an attack of grip," and the patient ordinarily resigns himself to passive expectancy of the ultimate outcome.

Nothing is more foolish than to suppose that the grip will eventually cure itself and leave the victim unharmed. No disease is more prone to complications. Although it may spend its main force upon the air passages, there is no organ of the body which is exempt from its ravages. Hence, in chronicling the death of many persons from what is conveniently styled "a complication of diseases" we note almost as a matter of course that the first decline in health dated back to a "grip" of months or perhaps years ago. These matters of experience should carry with them their own significant lessons.

La Grippe leaves the victim weak and liable to serious organic diseases, especially of the lungs. Angier's Petroleum Emulsion is invaluable as an invigorant and healing remedy for the impoverished, debilitated and inflamed system, enabling it to resist further attacks and restoring sound conditions to the vital functions. It effectually relieves the distressing cough and tones the enfeebled digestion. Leading physicians have prescribed it largely in this connection with pronounced success, and for the convalescent recovering from pneumonia it is equally effective. For sale by all druggists at 50c and \$1.00 a bottle.

In all throat and lung diseases Angier's Petroleum Tablets are a simple, convenient and most valuable aid to our Emulsion, and should be used in conjunction with it. They can be carried in the pocket, and may be used continuously without disturbing the appetite or digestion. 25 cents a box, at all druggists.

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Music.

THE growing appreciation of good music in Toronto has developed a corresponding critical attitude on the part of congregations towards the musical efforts of their choirmasters and organists. There does not, however, appear to be a corresponding increase in the appropriation for music in our churches, notwithstanding the fact that much greater things are now demanded of those who are made responsible for the musical service of the sanctuary, and forgetful also of the fact that the competition for good singers has become so great that it is constantly becoming a more difficult matter to secure competent vocalists without professionally engaging them. It is safe to say that unless a change for the better takes place, very few really capable musicians, whose time is of any special value in other spheres of their professional work, will consider the post of choirmaster or organist of sufficient attractiveness financially to warrant the expenditure of the necessary energy to maintain their positions with any credit to themselves or the churches engaging them. It is argued by many of our musicians that while there has been a marked increase in the wealth of the city, and a decided increase in the cost of living, the salaries of our organists have in many cases been decreased, regardless of the added difficulties financial and artistic in connection with the maintenance of a higher standard of music than was demanded some years ago. If we consider the leading churches of Toronto, it must be confessed that the appropriations for music are ridiculously low compared with some of the nearest United States cities, such as Buffalo and Detroit. In St. James' Cathedral the amount expended for music is about \$1,600, including the appropriation for the boys of the choir. In the Metropolitan Church the amount expended has not varied much from \$1,200 for many years past, while in the Sherbourne street Methodist Church the sum set aside for music has fluctuated from about \$1,400 to \$1,600 per annum. Jarvis street Baptist Church until quite recently expended but \$1,300 annually on its musical service. St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, King street, which at one time expended about \$1,500 a year, paid during a few years but \$1,000, this amount having since been increased to \$1,300. Old St. Andrew's, Jarvis street, appropriate about \$1,100 a year; Trinity Methodist Church, about \$1,000; Carlton street Methodist and Bloor street Presbyterian about the same amount.

The Roman Catholic churches in Toronto are not in any sense equal to their fine opportunities musically, a fact not to be wondered at when the small sums appropriated by their various parishes are considered. Taken all in all, the outlook for our organists and choirmasters is none too cheerful, it being exceedingly doubtful whether the musical director of any city church, after deducting the sums paid to his singers, or allowing for the time given gratuitously to his choristers, nets \$500 a year for his trouble. In order to ascertain how Toronto compared with Buffalo and Detroit in these matters, letters of enquiry were sent to Mr. Angelo M. Read, a prominent choirmaster of Buffalo, and Mr. Arthur Depew, one of the leading musicians in Detroit. Mr. Read replies: "The First Presbyterian Church of this city expends \$6,000 a year on its music; three Episcopal churches spend from \$2,000 to \$4,000 each for organist and boy choir. Delaware avenue Baptist appropriates \$1,800, and Delaware avenue Methodist about \$1,700 a year." Mr. Read adds: "Most of these churches have paid quartettes, although some have quartette and chorus. The quartette is almost a necessity in this city." Mr. Depew writes: "In the First Presbyterian the salaries for myself and quartette are \$3,300; in the First Congregational they pay \$3,500 for quartette, small chorus and organist; the Fort street Presbyterian, Jefferson avenue Presbyterian and Woodward avenue Baptist range from \$3,000 to \$4,000 each. In these churches the organists' salaries average about \$1,000, and in no case do they have to pay for any singers. In some of these churches they give their entire choir two weeks' vacation, and in the Fort street Presbyterian they give one month in midsummer."

These figures will prove interesting to local organists and choirmasters. It would certainly not appear that they are being overpaid, notwithstanding the occasional protest of the pastors of certain local decadent churches against the wicked extravagance as regards the music of other and consequently more prosperous congregations.

Concerts of Irish music were prominent features of the celebration of St. Patrick's night last Saturday. At the Massey Hall there was an audience of three thousand people at the annual concert by the Ancient Order of Hibernians, and a pleasing programme, which included many genuine Irish gems of song, was given by Mr. Rechab Tandy, Mrs. Martin Murphy, Miss Theresa Flanagan, Miss Nellie James, and Master J. Kane. Mr. Bert Harvey contributed a number of comic songs, and Miss Teresa McAvay, a promising young violinist, a solo. Mr. M. J. F. Quinn, M.P., delivered the oration of the evening. The singers were enthusiastically recalled after each number. In the Pavilion Music Hall another large audience assembled at the concert of the Irish Catholic Benevolent Union. The following

ladies and gentlemen supplied the programme: The Misses Ruby Shea, Kate Rigney, Maud Minnie and S. F. G. Alexander, Annie Foley, Margaret Milne, Messrs. D. Egan, Chas. H. Beckway, Eddie Pigott, and Miss Margaret Dunn. The Hon. Frank R. Latchford made a stirring address during the evening.

Manager Sheppard announces that Paderewski, the great pianist, will appear at the Grand Opera House before the end of the season in a matinee recital. To the devotees of the piano this concert will no doubt be the great event of the year.

The recent Patti concert at the Opera House in London, Eng., in aid of the officers' wives and families' fund probably breaks the record for financial results, the receipts being returned at \$55,000. The concert had the active patronage of Lord Rothschild, Sir Thomas Lipton, Mr. J. B. Robinson, Mr. Oppenheim, Sir Edward Sassoon, and Mr. Edward Beit, who contributed largely to its success. Mr. Alfred Rothschild paid a fancy price for his box and \$100 for his programme. For the first time Mme. Patti violated her rule of not singing for any but local Welsh charities.

A curious idea has just been carried into execution. A number of musicians associated themselves for the purpose of writing a musical novel, each of the party writing one chapter. The result is found in the book now published entitled "A 439, the Autobiography of a Piano." Among the contributors are Dr. Prout, Dr. Chas. Vincent, Mr. Walter Macfarren, Mr. John Thomas, and Messrs. Lohr, Corder, Visetti, Roedel, the Countess of Bremond, and Mr. Cunningham Woods. A grand piano is supposed to be the witness of a series of surprising adventures, and, according to the Daily News, the story is well told, and is not such a piece of patchwork as one would suppose.

The French composer, Saint-Saens, has written a book with the title "Portraits et Souvenirs." It contains many interesting anecdotes about Liszt, Chopin and Rubinstein. Speaking of Chopin, M. Saint-Saens says that he himself merely resembles the Polish composer in his bodily weakness and ill-health, and disclaims any pretension of being the successor of that marvellous genius who made such innovations in the art of playing the piano. He adds that even in the matter of consumption he is Chopin's inferior, since Chopin died of phthisis, while he has foolishly got the best of that malady.

It has remained for Mr. W. S. B. Mathews, the Chicago critic, to discover that Paderewski shows in his playing "a deplorable lack of molecular nuances." It takes a United States or a German critic to write scientific or learned nonsense about music. It is really too bad that we all should have been humbugged so long by Paderewski. A pianist who has no molecular expression must of course be an impostor, and deserves the righteous denunciation of all musical people.

The young Hungarian pianist, Ernst von Dohnanyi, was announced to make his first appearance in New York at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra last Thursday. The accounts of his reception and playing will be awaited with interest. He was down for Beethoven's fourth concerto. I understand that he will be heard in Toronto during his American tour.

The vacant position of organist and choirmaster at St. Andrew's church has been filled by the appointment of Dr. Norman Anderson, the musical director of St. James Square church. To the general musical public, Dr. Anderson is known principally through the interesting sacred concerts he has given from time to time with the aid of his choir, under the title of Evenings with Bach, Gounod, Handel, etc.

De Wolfe Hopper, the light opera comedian, who has just returned after a long engagement in London, will be heard again at the Grand Opera House next week in The Charlatan. I understand that his season in the British metropolis was not a brilliant financial success. This is not surprising, as the average American comic opera does not commend itself to the taste of the English public, who are accustomed to a better article of native production. The London critics were, however, eminently friendly to De Wolfe Hopper, and praised him for the liveliness of his acting, and the quaintness of his humor.

The great attraction at the Massey Hall course concert on Monday will be the re-appearance of Mark Hambourg, the young piano virtuoso. I can strongly advise those who were not present on the occasion of his debut here, to take this opportunity of hearing him. His wonderful fire, energy, and nervous force, his enthusiasm, to say nothing of his remarkable executive powers, will afford a new sensation to blasé concert goers.

The pupils of Mrs. J. W. Bradley gave an excellent concert in the Conservatory of Music on Thursday, the 15th inst. The singers were the Misses Ida Jones, Amy Clarkson, Mary Hamlin, Rowan, Maude Dwight, Ida McKerrell, Frances Girdlestone, Gertrude Bull, Muriel Hunt, Sara Bradley, and Messrs. Bert Wainwright, G. R. Pirie, and J. G. Dale. The pupils sang with a musical appreciation and a technical finish which afforded gratifying

evidence of the painstaking instruction of Mrs. Bradley. Valuable assistance was given by piano and violin pupils of Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, and Mrs. Adamson, respectively.

A recital-concert of unusual interest will be given by advanced pupils of Mr. Rechab Tandy in the Conservatory Music Hall on Monday evening next, March 26. Those participating in the programme are Miss Carrie Davidson, Miss Alicia Hobson, Miss Maud Bryce. These singers have graduated under Mr. Tandy's practical method of instruction, and, together with Miss Marie Wheeler, are now prominently before the public as concert artists. In addition to the foregoing, Mr. Ernest Coulthard, baritone, will take part. Mr. Tandy will assist his pupils in a choice programme by singing several solo and song numbers, and, as his custom is, introduce several concerted selections.

Miss Evelyn Ashton Fletcher, now so well known as the author and proprietor of the Fletcher Music Method, simplex and kindergarten, has arranged to give in Toronto a course for teachers. This will begin about the first of May, and last some four or five weeks. Our advertising columns contain interesting particulars as to eminent endorers of the "Fletcher" method. Those who contemplate taking the course for teachers can obtain information either by correspondence with Miss Fletcher or by personal interview with her Toronto agent, Mr. E. L. Roberts, at the Metropolitan School of Music. Particulars can also be furnished at the Toronto College or Conservatory.

Professor Horatio Parker, of Yale University, is to compose a work scored for chorus and orchestra for the coming festival of the three choirs at Hereford, England. The composer has been invited to direct personally the rehearsals and the final performance in September. It is said that this is the first occasion of a United States musician receiving a commission of the kind in England.

A sacred concert to celebrate the re-opening of the organ will be given in Erskine church on Tuesday evening, under the direction of Mr. Arthur Hewitt. The choir will be assisted by Mrs. H. W. Parker, soprano; Mr. Paul Hahn, cellist, and Miss Jean Crozier, elocutionist. A choice programme is promised.

A local musician who was taxed with using without warrant the letters F.R.C.O. after his name, "Fellow of the Royal College of Organists," excused himself by saying he intended them to mean "Fully Recognized Organist."

Sir Arthur Sullivan is writing a grand opera for Covent Garden, in which Miss Clara Butt, the contralto, is to take the principal part. Miss Butt has confided to an interviewer that she rarely practices, as she believes that constant practice wears away the voice.

One of the society, as well as the musical, events of the year will be the complimentary benefit concert to be given to Miss Franziska Heinrich, A.T.C.M., in Association Hall on Thursday evening, March 29. Miss Heinrich is a very talented pupil of Dr. Edward Fisher, and her friends in Toronto, recognizing her ability, are tendering her this complimentary concert as one means of enabling her to go to Europe to pursue a course of study there for several years. Among the patronesses of next Thursday's entertainment are many of Toronto's most prominent ladies, including Miss Mowat (Government House), Mrs. Sweetnam, Lady Boyd, Lady Meredith, Mrs. G. W. Allan, Mrs. J. Maclellan, Mrs. Loudon, Mrs. Casimir Gzowski, Mrs. William Mackenzie, Mrs. Edward Fisher, Mrs. B. E. Walker, Mrs. John Macdonald, Mrs. J. H. Mason, Mrs. A. E. Gooderham, Mrs. A. J. Arthur, Mrs. A. W. Austin, Miss Carty, Mrs. Elmes Henderson, Mrs. Geo. Dickson, Mrs. Irving H. Cameron, Mrs. W. B. McMurich, Mrs. Scales. We learn from the friends who are interested in next Thursday's entertainment that already a subscription list totalling into large figures has been secured. Miss Heinrich will be assisted in the entertainment by Mrs. H. W. Parker, Mrs. Julie Wyman, Mrs. H. M. Blight, Mr. Donald Herald, and Mr. Geo. Fox.

The Till family of London, England, who constitute what is called the Rock Band Company, will give a concert in the Metropolitan church on the 30th inst. The entertainment will be a unique one, as the company get their music from a number of ringing stones manufactured from rocks dug out of Skiddaw mountain. Both English and American exchanges speak in very complimentary terms of their music.

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"Cut the body in sharp points before and behind; lace it down the back; cut the neck square; slash the elbows, and fill them in with veiled illusion; slash the hips, and cord all round, and don't fail to gore as directed. P.S.—On second thoughts, you had better hook it."

To the uninitiated this might seem to be intended either for a medical student studying anatomy or a butcher.

It was simply directions from a leader of the mode to a fashionable dress-maker.

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At Elkhorn, Manitoba, has Found Japanese Catarrh Cure the Only Real Cure for Catarrh. Wonderful Results on Every Case Tried.

Mr. A. E. Wilson, Principal Government Indian Home, Elkhorn, Manitoba, writes:

"Enclosed find \$1 for two boxes of Japanese Catarrh Cure. Would also like to have some more of your books on catarrh. Some time ago we purchased three boxes of your Japanese Catarrh Cure, and must say it gave wonderful results on every case tried. It certainly is an article of unequalled merit." Don't go on experimenting with untried remedies; if you have catarrh in any form, cure it now with Japanese Catarrh Cure. There is danger in delay. Price, 50 cents, by the druggists, or mailed, post paid, by the Griffiths & Macpherson Co., Limited, 121 Church street, Toronto.



AN INSTRUMENTAL SOLO.



An East Indian Prince, on his first visit to this country, suffered so continuously from cold that he contracted pneumonia and died. He was cremated, and, after being some ten minutes in the crematory, an attendant opened a small slide in the side of the furnace to note the result. The prince was sitting bolt upright on the slab, and shouted, "Shut that door!"

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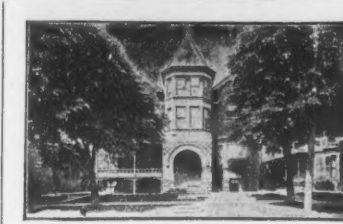
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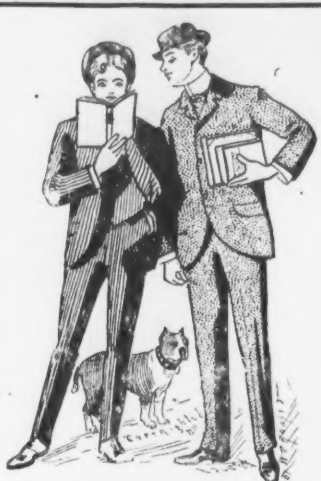
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Social and Personal.

A very jolly sleighing party took place to Weston on Tuesday evening, with a dance and supper in the Town Hall. This is one of several like jaunts gotten up after the last snow by our merry young society folks.

The jolliest of hosts to a bright theater party at the Princess was Mr. D. F. Burke, of Port Arthur, on St. Patrick's day. Mr. Burke gave his young daughter, who is a student at the Presbyterian College, and ten of her young friends, a splendid time at the matinee, and proved a very cornucopia of good things in the bon-bon, orange and candy line.

Last Saturday saw the departure of what will probably be the last Canadian gift of soldiers to the Empire, for this spring. And now here's to their home-coming!

The address of the Rev. Dr. Morgan Wood at the meeting of the Dufferin School Art League on Tuesday evening last was a most admirable presentation of the claims and the advantages of art leagues to the community, and it was highly appreciated by his audience. Mr. Thomas Lister sang several excellent selections, exceedingly well. Miss Nelda Heintzman was accompanist and Dr. Noble presided.

A brilliant gathering will be at the Grand on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings next to witness the magnificent spectacular entertainment to be tendered by the Foresters for the benefit of the National Patriotic Fund. I hear that months have been spent in gathering uniforms for the representation of the British Army passing in review, and we are to see Blue Jackets, with Gun and Marines. Master Matthews will be the muddy with the Blue Jackets.



THE LATE GEORGE H. BERTRAM, MEMBER OF THE DOMINION HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT FOR CENTRE TORONTO.

Auction Sale of Furniture.

The Charles Rogers and Sons Co., Limited, will shortly hold a grand auction sale of their high-class furniture and upholstery at their premises, 97 Yonge street. The Rogers and Sons Co. have enjoyed for years the reputation of handling the finest line of furniture goods in this city, and this will give an opportunity to the public of Toronto and vicinity to obtain these goods at auction prices. The sale will be under the personal supervision of Mr. Chas. M. Henderson, the well-known and popular auctioneer.

Provincial Building and Loan Association.

With the close of their fiscal year the shareholders of the Provincial Building and Loan Association have reason for the enthusiasm which prevailed at their seventh annual meeting held in the Temple Building yesterday. The growth of the Provincial has

been steady and continuous, and the year just closed has been eminently satisfactory in every way. Indeed one must accord the Provincial Building and Loan and its management more than ordinary praise for their work in building the assets of the company from \$7,105 in 1893 to \$733,083.24 in 1900. Last year, as will be seen from the report of the meeting of this strong financial concern, the receipts were close upon \$400,000. Loans aggregating \$281,373 were placed, and the Association has outstanding 999 first-class mortgage loans totalling \$660,524. The retiring directorate was unanimously re-elected.

"Are you a Boer sympathizer?" "No," answered Willie Washington. "I am not. Just think what a terrible calamity it would be if Oom Paul were to become a hero and make his whiskers fashionable!"—Washington Star.

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Phil Ott and the Three Rosebuds
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Lizzie Evans and Harry Mills
The Holloway Trio
Nelson and Abbie
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.. THE BIOGRAPH ..

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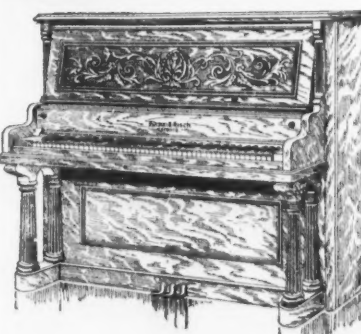
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You are invited to inspect this consignment of Pianos at once and get our quotations. If you live at a distance please write us.

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Boys Ladies
Girls and
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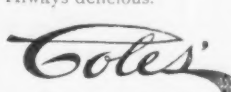
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To Manitoba and Canadian North-West will leave Toronto every TUESDAY during March and April.

Passengers travelling without Live Stock should take the train leaving Toronto at 2 p.m.

Passengers travelling with Live Stock should take the train leaving Toronto at 9 p.m.

Colonist Sleeper will be attached to each train.

For full particulars and copy of "Settlers' Guide" apply to any Canadian Pacific Agent, or to

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Owing to contemplated changes in our business, we purpose holding a grand auction sale of our immense stock of high-class

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Fine Cabinets	Bedroom Suites
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Dining-room Suites	Dining Tables and Sideboards
&c., &c., &c.	&c., &c., &c.

in the newest designs and most fashionable woods.

Full particulars as to time and place of sale will appear in an early issue.

This sale will afford the opportunity of a lifetime to obtain the best of furniture at your own prices. Watch for it.

Catalogues will shortly be ready for mailing.

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Social and Personal.

An Acton correspondent writes: "One of the happiest and prettiest social functions of the season took place last Monday evening, when over a score of married couples accepted the invitation of the Misses Nelson to share in a progressive party in their charming home. An air of patriotism pervaded the whole evening's enjoyment. As each guest entered the drawing-room, a little card, ornamented with a pair of gaily-painted Union Jacks tied with three pieces of red, white and blue ribbon, was pinned on. The rooms were a picture of beauty, with their carefully arranged array of tables and the graceful and patriotic decorations of flags and evergreens. A very pretty May-day effect was produced in one room by tying red, white and blue ribbons from the central chandelier to the walls. The prevailing and popular combination of colors was shown in the last supper dish, where we had the red and white delicacies, over which floated a little blue flag. This novel idea called forth compliments from all sides. After supper the company spent some time making up couples and quartettes rhyming with 'red, white and blue.' These poems also savored much of patriotism; in fact, some personal reflections on Paul Kruger were indulged in. The cordial welcome extended to each guest and the congenial company, combined to send everyone home in the very best of humor. The people of Acton have been favored with but very few such evenings of pure and unadulterated fun."

Miss Hattie Austin entertained a host of friends to afternoon tea on Saturday last, March 17.

Mr. E. D. Warren and Miss Warren, of Whitby, were in town on Wednesday.

Mrs. Sutherland Stayner does not receive on Mondays until after Easter. Miss Temple Dixon and Miss Daisy Ince have announced the formation of physical culture and dancing classes. Miss Temple-Dixon also continues her

elocution class. Mr. and Mrs. Will Hees, of Detroit, are coming on a visit to relatives next week. Mrs. Hees (nee Read) will stop with her parents at the Queen's Hotel, and will bring her charming little daughter with her. Next Thursday evening, Professor VanderSmitten gives his Goethe lecture in St. Peter's school house, in aid of the Expense Fund of the Ladies' Aid.

Miss Helen Douglas was the charming hostess of the West End Euchre Club this week, and on Wednesday her home was the scene of a pleasant reunion.

Mrs. John Boyd, of Brunswick avenue, has sent out cards for a tea next Wednesday.

Mr. Taylor Moves Back.

The contractors have not quite completed their contracts, but circumstances made it necessary for Henry A. Taylor, draper, the Rossin block, to move back to his old premises, which have during the past two months been undergoing extensive alterations. However, Mr. T. is prepared to do business and is showing a splendid range of the newest in imported woollens for the spring and summer trade, and will be pleased to show them to gentlemen desiring it any time. Apologies are in order for inviting to the house in such an "upset" state, but it is only a matter of a few days when he will be able to announce the formal opening of what will be when completed the handsomest and best-appointed ordered clothing house in the Dominion.

The Provincial Building and Loan Association.

Seventh Annual Meeting of Shareholders
The Splendid Financial Showing for the Year Reflects Credit on the Management—A Continuous Healthy Growth.

The seventh Annual Meeting of the Shareholders of this Association was held at the Head Office, Temple Building, Toronto, on Wednesday, March 14th inst. last, the President, Thomas Crawford, M. P. P., in the chair.

Amongst those present were: D. Cobbedick, Lucan; J. F. Elliott, Sarnia; J. Rogerson, Barrie; Thomas Crawford, John Dunn, E. C. Davies, Toronto; J. S. Deacon, Milton; Rev. W. Galbraith, Belleville; H. Vigeon, J. W. St. John, K. A. Hancock, Andrew Allan, Toronto; Thomas Ogden, Unionville; F. H. Deacon, Milton; Rev. C. Hamilton, Rev. W. Casson, B. Corrigan, Toronto; George Sparling, Durham; Rev. Dr. German, E. Kentner, David Scott, Rev. E. A. Chown, William Armstrong, M. D., A. Metcalfe, George Metcalfe, J. A. Cowan, J. Trancie-Armand, Toronto; Rev. S. Sing and others.

Mr. Crawford, on moving the adoption of the report, stated: "It is most gratifying for me to again come before you in Annual Meeting assembled and present such a statement as the one now before us. It is most exhaustive

in detail, and shows exactly our financial position in every particular as on the 31st December last, and we have had many congratulatory letters on the success attending our business. Our cash receipts for the year were the largest on record, being close upon \$400,000, and, even with this large revenue, we were not able to meet the great demands made upon our Loan Fund. Our Manager has prepared some statistics going fully into detail, which he will give to you at a later stage of the proceedings, and, in order to meet the exceptional pressure in the loan department, you will be asked to-day to sanction our issuing Debentures, which we are empowered to do under the Loan Corporation Act. We loaned during the year \$224,357, we paid out to withdrawing members \$45,814, and retired pre-paid stock to the amount of \$66,560; we paid cash dividends to the amount of \$25,280, and distributed amongst our terminating stock \$32,743. We have during the year modified our plan of loaning so as to do away with our former prerequisite, viz., that the borrowers should be stockholders; we now make straight loans, but have retained in our system the plan of Mutual companies, and without doubt the greatest safeguard in dealing with the wage-earning classes, such as our borrowers generally are, by insisting upon a repayment from month to month of a sum sufficient to cover principal and interest. There is no doubt this is the secret of the success of loaning money on real estate, as the repayment enhances the value of the security to a much greater extent than under any ordinary circumstances the security offered could depreciate. Our Auditors have been most painstaking in their audit from month to month, and have gone thoroughly into all our mortgages, which, you may rest assured, are fully up to the value of the amount they represent.

"I have much pleasure in moving the reception and adoption of the statement as presented."

Ald. John Dunn, Vice-President, in seconding this motion, remarked that the statement clearly indicated the Association's progress, and was satisfied it called for little, if any, comment. After a few explanations by the Manager, the statement was unanimously adopted.

Mr. E. C. Davies, General Manager, at the request of the President, stated that during the past year they had written the large amount of \$458,800 in stock, loans received during the year numbered 330, representing an amount of \$425,382; of this there was \$144,007 rejected, or 30 per cent. The loans passed aggregated \$281,373 under sworn valuation of \$260,176, or 45 per cent. On December 31st there were 999 Mortgage loans in force, aggregating \$660,324, being an average of \$661.18 each loan; at the close of the year we had loans passed, but not paid, amounting to \$53,709. This large sum is not in any way treated in the statement, and is practically a liability on the business for the current year. The repayments on loans were very satisfactory, and the amount outstanding in this respect was only \$6,278, or 86-100 of 1 per cent. of the total assets. This is a great showing, and I think it will be admitted does great credit to all those interested in the success of our Association, more especially to our local Agents and Solicitors, who are on the spot, and who so carefully conserve our interests. With regard to our assets, they were at:

June 30, 1893	\$ 7,105 00
June 30, 1894	28,095 24
June 30, 1895	129,713 76
December 31 (18 months), 1896	369,062 36
December 31, 1897	445,975 07
December 31, 1898	564,923 85
December 31, 1899	733,083 24

This is a continuous healthy growth and an evidence of our solid progress. Our Association to-day stands in a strong financial position, and our prospects for a further large increase of business are of the best.

Mr. J. W. St. John, solicitor; Mr. H. Vigeon, J. A. Cowan, Mr. J. F. Elliott, Sarnia; Rev. W. Galbraith, J. S. Deacon and others bore testimony in many ways of the evident care exercised in the conduct of the Association's affairs, and it was unanimously agreed that a vote of thanks be passed to the Directors, Officers, Agents and Solicitors of the Association for their great care in the past and confidence in their efforts in the future.

Mr. J. A. Cowan, Toronto, moved, seconded by Mr. J. F. Elliott, Sarnia, that the chairman cast a ballot for the unanimous re-election of the retiring Board. He felt safe in asking this, as their attention to the interest of the Association resulted in the splendid report that day submitted for acceptance by the shareholders, and this was a fitting time to show their appreciation by a unanimous vote. This was carried amidst applause.

At a subsequent meeting of the Directors, Mr. Thomas Crawford, M.P.P., and Ald. John Dunn were unanimously re-elected President and Vice-President, respectively, and E. C. Davies Managing Director for the ensuing year.

The meeting was a most harmonious one, and does credit to financial institutions of our city.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births

Reid-Clayton, N.Y., March 15, Mrs. A. J. Reid, a son.
Holmes-Goderich, March 17, Mrs. Dudley Holmes, a son.

Marriages

Finch-Crofts-March 17, Frances Finch to Fred C. Crofts.
Mathews-Ritchie-March 15, John Mathews to Emily Ritchie.
Hepburn-Harrison-March 21, George Hepburn to Maud P. Harrison.

Deaths

Bertram-March 20, George H. Bertram, aged 53.
Langton-Florence, Italy, March 19, Margaret Blaise Langmuir.
Kingsmill-Febr. 21, John Juehereau Kingsmill, 9.
Kennedy-New York, March 18, J. G. Kennedy.
Brown-March 19, Jessie Brown, aged 84.
Sutherland-Windsor, March 17, Mary Beth Sutherland, aged 2.
Dickie-Waverley, March 12, John Dickie, aged 53.
Wetherall-March 20, Ann Wetherall.
Tingle-March 20, Andrew Tingle.
Cushman-Orrilla, Cornellius Cushman, aged 67.
Duncan-March 20, George Duncan, aged 57.
Taylor-March 20, Emily B. Taylor.
Adams-March 19, M. A. Schomburg



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They are made in all qualities.

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Can be
Arranged
by Us

24-IN. SOLID LEATHER SUIT CASE

7 in. deep, linen lined, sewed in frame, shirt pocket—\$11.00
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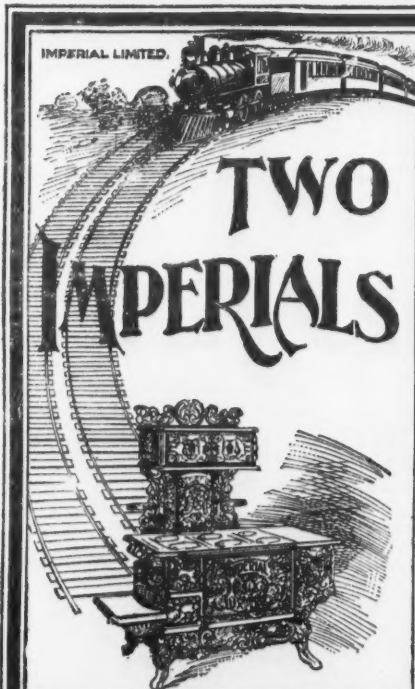
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